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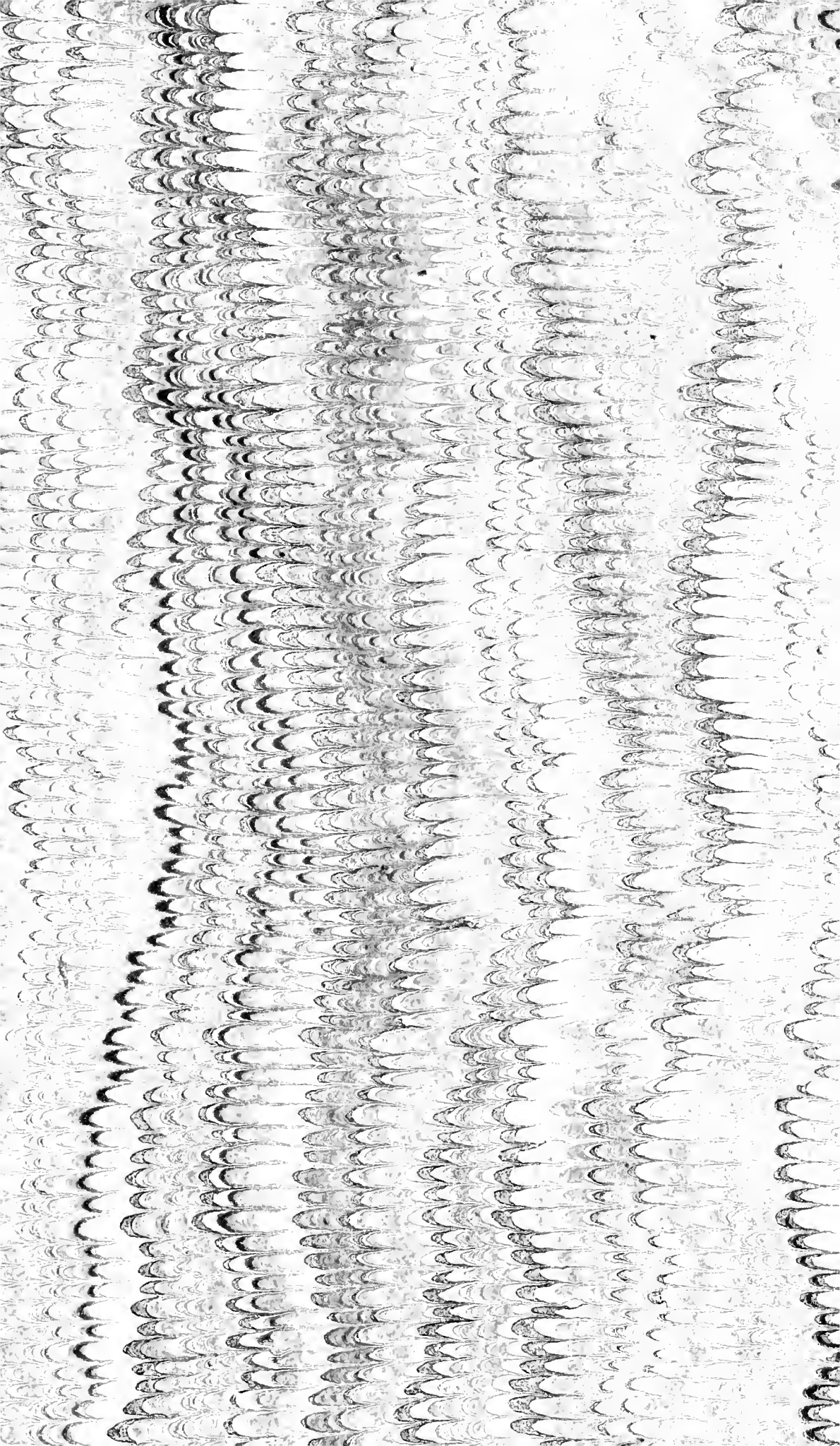
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.















THE  
SCHOOL OF REFORM;  
OR,  
HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

A COMEDY,

IN

*FIVE ACTS,*

AS PERFORM'D AT THE

*Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.*

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BY THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

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1805

# PROLOGUE.

(WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.)

IN due obedience to old Custom's right,  
The Prologue comes to pay its court to-night;  
But with no mean petitionary air,  
Which true-born Britains must disdain to wear.  
A Bard, whose Muse has gain'd your smiles before,  
By hope embolden'd, ventures here once more;  
Nor is that hope to vanity allay'd—  
The swelling produce of o'er-weening pride;  
But, rais'd upon your merits, not his own,  
The grateful tribute laid at Candour's throne.  
If there be critics here who come by rule  
To judge our drama by the Grecian school,  
From sages so profound in ancient art  
Our author's simple refuge is—the heart:  
To that soft Arbiter he dares appeal,  
Assur'd of lenity from those who feel.  
And think not, ye of nicer modern mode,  
He means to\* dramatise the penal code,  
If, slighting well-bred vice, for once, he draws  
A plain and homely victim of the laws;  
Some latent good we in the worst might scan  
To claim the sympathy of erring man.  
Then blest be they† whose lib'ral hearts combin'd  
To sooth the horrors of the guilty mind;  
And, with a genuine philanthropic glow,  
Have rescu'd Innocence from want and woe.  
Amid the charities which grace our land,  
Their honour'd fabric shall conspicuous stand.  
No more the friendless orphan shall despair,—  
Secure of shelter and of succour there:  
Hence future times shall guard the hollow'd dome—  
The School of Virtue, and the wanderer's home.

\* Vide The Critic.

† The Philanthropic Society.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

|                         |   |   |   |         |            |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---------|------------|
| <i>Lord Avondale</i>    | - | - | - | Messrs. | COOKE.     |
| <i>General Tarragan</i> | - | - | - | -       | MUNDEN.    |
| <i>Mr. Ferment</i>      | - | - | - | -       | LEWIS.     |
| <i>Frederick</i>        | - | - | - | -       | C. KEMBLE. |
| <i>Tyke</i>             | - | - | - | -       | EMERY.     |
| <i>Old Man</i>          | - | - | - | -       | MURRAY.    |
| <i>Timothy</i>          | - | - | - | -       | BEVERLEY.  |
| <i>Peter</i>            | - | - | - | -       | KLANART.   |
| <i>Bailiff</i>          | - | - | - | -       | ATKINS.    |
| <i>Sailor</i>           | - | - | - | -       | JEFFRIES.  |

### WOMEN.

|                       |   |   |   |       |             |
|-----------------------|---|---|---|-------|-------------|
| <i>Mrs. St. Clair</i> | - | - | - | Mrs.  | GIBBS.      |
| <i>Julia</i>          | - | - | - | Miss. | BRUNTON.    |
| <i>Mrs. Ferment</i>   | - | - | - | Mrs.  | LITCHFIELD. |
| <i>Mrs. Nicely</i>    | - | - | - | Mrs.  | DAVENPORT.  |
| <i>Shelah</i>         | - | - | - | Mrs.  | BEVERLEY.   |

THE  
SCHOOL OF REFORM.

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ACT I.

SCENE I—*The Interior of a Pavilion attached to the Castle of Lord Avondale. Peter and other Servants employed in nailing up a large Cabinet. Mrs. Nicely seated, giving directions.*

*Mrs. NICELY.*

COME, that will do ; but don't make more litter than you can help (*rises*). Be it what it may, I am glad it is safely put up, however.

*Peter.* I say, Mrs. Nicely, should not you like to know what's in the inside ?

*Mrs. Nicely.* Should not you, Peter ?

*Peter.* Oh fie ! no. Curiosity don't become a servant.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Umph ! can't it be opened, think you ?

*Peter.* Opened—no, no.—I've been trying these two hours.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Indeed !—you have no curiosity ; and yet you try to pick your master's locks :—now, I own I have the greatest curiosity in the world, but for the world ! I would not so gratify it.—Well, now every thing is in its place.

*Peter.* Yes, Mrs. Nicely, you have fagged us prettily ; and for what ? Do you think his lordsh p thanks you for keeping every thing in its place ?

*Mrs. Nicely.* Why, I fear there is one thing he will have no reason to thank me for, and that is for keeping you in your place, coxcomb!—(*A knocking at the door.*)—Go and attend the door—Whoever he be he is scraping his shoes, and that's always a good sign.

*Frederick (without.)* Let the carriage proceed. I have business here, and will walk to the castle. (*Enters, and places on the table a port-folio.*)—Aye, this is the pavilion his lordship mentioned—the cabinet, I see, is already placed—his lordship shall know your prompt attention.—(*Sits, and takes a letter from the port-folio.*)

*Mrs. Nicely.* Who is he, I wonder?

*Peter.* I'll tell you who he is:—his father was a thief.

*Mrs. Nicely.* A thief!

*Peter.* A convicted felon.—

*Mrs. Nicely.* Poor youth!

*Peter.* And you know, what's bred in the bone—that's all.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Why there may be something in that; for I remember, Peter, your father was an informer, and you can't help following the trade.

*Fred. (To the servants.)* Be good enough to take that port-folio, and accompany me to the castle. (*Servants smile, whisper, and point at him.*) So, so!—even here the busy tongue of fame has proclaimed my disgraceful origin—heigh ho!—Madam, I presume I address the housekeeper of lord Avondale (*looking at the letter and presenting it*), Mrs. Nicely.

*Mrs. Nicely. (putting on spectacles.)* 'Tis his lordship's hand; and you have kept it very nice and tidy, young man.—(*Apart.*) I don't know what may be in the bone, but the flesh is handsome and comely, however.—(*Reads*)—' My

‘good old lady,’—Ah! if I was as sure that I am good as I am that I am old—well, well—‘on the receipt of this, you will prepare for my immediate arrival at the castle.’—All is prepared.—‘It will be delivered to you by my private secretary: he is a youth of singular worth—to his courage I owe my life.’ (*To servants*) Do you hear that?—‘I need not desire you to pay him respect, as his virtues will better command it;—those of my establishment who wish to gain my regard will best secure it by endeavouring to obtain his.

‘AVONDALF’

(*The servants officiously take up the port-folio, and bow to FREDERICK.*)

*Fred.* Let it rest; I will carry it myself. I have no occasion for your attendance.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Don’t stand scraping there, dirtying the floor; but go along, all of you, as you are bid. (*Exeunt Servants.*) And I shall see his lordship in good health, sir?

*Fred.* Perfectly so.

*Mrs. Nicely.* I am glad to hear it; for he has plague enough in that parliament-house.—Why, I read the other day in the news, that he was on his legs three hours, poor man! and yet, good-natured soul! he said he was content.

*Fred.* The situation of this pavilion does credit to his lordship’s taste—the prospect is enchanting.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Yes—but I believe it has a recommendation more enchanting in his eyes—for here stood the cottage of a lady he loved: I was her nurse—poor Emily!—

*Fred.* Was she unfortunate?

*Mrs. Nicely.* Aye; and though he is my master, shame on him for making her so, good dear soul!—Why, she would live a month in a room without so much as rumpling a chair-cover; and

then the tears she shed!—Ah, sir, had you seen the quantity of pocket-handkerchiefs I had to wash, it would have melted your heart.—My memory fails me now, or I could tell you all about her.—It will be twenty years, come the first Wednesday in January, since he took her away—it was a fine clear frosty morning—he came about seven o'clock—

*Fred.* Your memory does not seem so very bad, Mrs. Nicely.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Yes, 'tis gone. He was not a lord then; it was before he went abroad.

*Fred.* But these follies of his youth are now no more.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Follies!—I think they used to be called vices, young man.

*Fred.* His lordship is about to be married.

*Mrs. Nicely.* I think I can remember his father's marriage; it will be nine and forty years come next Lammas—they were rather too late at the church, and——

*Fred.* Shall we not be too late at the castle?—you forget.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Aye, I do indeed!—the bride wore a white and silver negligee—(looking out)—Heyday! what is that? Have they got a man in custody?

*Fred.* Yes; last night General Tarragan and his daughter were attacked by a robber: they are now taking him to the castle, till his lordship arrives.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Let us follow, or there will be sad dirty doings.

*General Tarragan (without.)* Away with him, a rascal!

*Fred.* That is General Tarragan, who, in the Indies, has won by his sword wealth enough to



offer his daughter in marriage to Lord Avondale.

*Gen.* (*without.*) His lordship not here!—then I'll see who is here—(*enters.*)—Why, what a gew-gaw place is this!—S'blood! a four-pounder would blow it to atoms in—Eh, who goes there?

*Fred.* I am—

*Gen.* Five feet eleven, a'n't you?

*Fred.* I believe so.

*Gen.* Well, what regiment?

*Fred.* I am not in the army?

*Gen.* Not in the army?

*Fred.* No, sir,—I am—

*Gen.* Don't trouble yourself—'tis no matter what you are.

*Fred.* I am a dependant on Lord Avondale.

*Gen.* A dependant, and five feet eleven!—hope no offence—if there be, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

*Fred.* Quarrelling with Lord Avondale's friend would ill repay the obligations I owe—

*Gen.* Sir, I hope you don't pretend to have more obligations to Lord Avondale than I have. 'Sdeath, Sir, but for Lord Avondale I should not have been worth a scar. Look here, Sir (*shewing his forehead*)—but for him I should not have been sent on that beautiful forlorn hope, where I was left for dead—Obligations indeed! Yes, Sir, but for Lord Avondale I might, at this moment, have been a sound, healthy, peaceable man; fit for nothing but to kill time, wound feelings, and cut up reputations with old tabbies at a tea-table.—Madam, I did not see you—hope no offence—if there be, you, doubtless, have relations; and, in that case, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

*Fred.* (*apart*) If death has not visited you,

General, it is not for want of very kind invitations. I hope your daughter has recovered from the alarm——

*Gen.* What, you heard of it?—Yes, we had a pleasant sort of a skirmish—a fellow clapt a pistol to my head. My daughter screamed confoundedly, and jumped out of the carriage; but she got protection from some clodhopper——

*Fred.* Which was your humble servant.

*Gen.* The devil! Well, Sir, I've said it; I conclude an apology won't be accepted, and so——

*Fred.* I do not even wish you, Sir, to make one.

*Gen.* Don't you? Then Sir, I ask your pardon with all my heart.—Yes, I slapped off a couple of barrels at the rascal, but I missed him: the fact is, I have not lately had the practice I could wish.—But, zounds, my Julia will get to the castle before us. I say, how do you like her?

*Fred.* (*embarassed.*) Miss Tarragan is—such charms—I—

*Gen.* You don't like her: well, it can't be helped.

*Fred.* Indeed, General, your daughter is only in danger of exciting too warm an interest.

*Gen.* Poor wench! she's new to England;—born in India;—none of your routing, flouting, high-fliers—all strut and streamers, like a young ensign. No, I have only to say, Open arms! First rank, kneel! down she goes; supple as a Whanyee:—that's old Tarragan's manual, my old girl.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Tarragan! ah, my poor head! Why, sure you can't be the son of old Tarragan the haberdasher, of Beverley?

*Gen.* Why, yes, I believe I am—I can't deny it.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Deny it! why should you? he was an honest man.

*Gen.* Yes, I believe he was—Come along.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Why, then, you must be little Joey, that went to the Indies.

*Gen.* Yes, I'm Joey—Come along, I say.

*Fred.* General, can I assist you?

*Gen.* Assist me—damn your assistance! though you are five feet eleven. Take care of the old girl.

*Mrs. Nicely.* What a memory have I? Now I can't for my life recollect, whether or no there was not a little bill left unsettled at your father's—

*Gen.* Oh, confound your memory! I say (*to Frederick*), walk fast—breathe her—that's our only chance. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A saloon in Avondale-Castle.

(*Shouts without.*)

*Enter PETER and Servants.*

*Peter.* Now, you stand there—and you, there. I think I hear the carriage—Zounds! where's Mrs. Nicely.

*Enter Mrs. NICELY.*

*Mrs. Nicely.* Bless me! bless me! I hope I'm not too late. There—hold up your heads, and pull out your frills—I'm in such a pucker!

(*Enter FREDERICK.*)

Is his lordship coming?

*Fred.* Heard you not those applauding shouts?

(*Enter Lord AVONDALE and Servants.*)

My benefactor! Oh, how sweetly must those sounds of joy vibrate on a patriot heart!

*Lord Avon.* Guard against its fascination, by remembering how many, to gain a nation's approbation, have parted with their own. Believe me,

Frederick, unless conscience echoes back the approving plaudit, the world presents not an object more pitiable than the victim of ambition. Let those memorials I mentioned be copied.

*Fred.* It is already done.

*Lord Avon.* (*taking his hand.*) Good boy! thy active zeal still anticipates my wishes.

*Mrs. Nicely.* (*after having fidgetted about Lord Avondale.*) Hem! hem!

*Lord Avon.* Mrs. Nicely, I heartily rejoice to see you bear your years more as an ornament than a burthen.

*Mrs. Nicely* I am pretty well, thank your honour, excepting that my memory is gone.

*Lord Avon.* I am not very sorry to hear that. (*Apart.*)

*Mrs. Nicely.* Your lordship came through the hall?

*Lord Avon.* Yes, and marked your diligence.

*Mrs. Nicely* The old rusty armour and shields now look like a row of nice pewter dishes. It is a pretty sight.

*Lord Avon.* (*to Frederick.*) Enough to drive an antiquary mad.

*Mrs. Nicely.* And the colours that came from abroad, all torn to rags with bullets, I've had them so neatly darned and scoured, that nobody would suppose they had ever been out of the parish. And, my lord, I have placed the cabinet in the pavilion, just where the window used to be where poor Emily sat when——

*Lord Avon.* Silence! I thought your memory was gone. Is it not enough that I never can forget?

*Mrs. Nicely.* It will break my heart if I've offended you. Bad as my poor head is, I must to the grave remember your lordship's kindness.

*Lord Avon.* Nay, nay, I meant no anger;—do not kneel, I insist.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Well, dear master! I won't. As there is no carpet, it might dirty my apron, to be sure:

*Lord Avon.* You will now see my bride.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Well, she won't be handsomer than Emily was.

*Lord Avon.* Again fie! fie!

(*Enter General TARRAGAN and JULIA.*)

General Tarragan, a thousand welcomes;

*Gen.* There, my lord: my girl and my fortune are all I possess;—they are yours. (*Taking his daughter's hand, and presenting her to Lord Avon-  
dale.*)

*Lord Avon.* To intrude on you, at this moment, professions of regard, would insult feelings that even now seem wounded; but there are professions which may be made with delicacy and heard with pleasure—those of friendship, lady: in the character of friend alone, honour me with your consideration, till you may be pleased to change it for one more endearing.

*Julia.* My lord I am highly sensible of your goodness—attribute my agitation to the alarm I last night suffered.—My father's will to me is—

*Gen.* Martial law.

*Lord Avon.* (*to Frederick.*) Is she not beautiful.

*Fred.* (*sighs.*) She is, indeed.

*Gen.* But, my lord, my people have got the rascal that wanted to blow me to the devil: you had better commit him, and put him out of his misery.

*Lord Avon.* Well remembered: Frederick, prepare for his examination;—but hold, I ought to make you acquainted with this worthy youth.

*Gen.* Oh, we have met; and the young dog had a mind to pick a quarrel with me.

*Fred.* My lord, on my honour—

*Julia.* I last night benefited by this gentleman's protection;—his delicate attentions I must ever remember with gratitude.

*Gen.* And I'll return the obligation:—I will, Sir, for all your proud menacing looks: I guess what you would be at. So, my lord, tell me his family.

*Lord Avon.* At present we will wave the subject—there is a difficulty.

*Fred.* (*advancing.*) My lord, pardon me; my soul abhors mystery and concealment—*My* story is soon told. I—(*is overcome by his feelings, then, collecting himself, proceeds*)—In me you behold the son of a criminal.

*Julia.* A criminal!

*Fred.* Even so; my father's name is not known to me; for in my earliest infancy he was, for his crimes, banished his native land.

*Julia.* O Heaven! and were you left to meet the desertion of an unfeeling world?

*Fred.* No, lady. I was left to meet the special protection of Heaven; for by those generous men—those guardians of infant virtue—I was snatched from infamy, and placed at the Philanthropic School; there, soon as the dawn of reason chased away the dreams of childhood, I endeavoured to repay the blessings bestowed on me by my diligence, emulation, and gratitude.

*Gen.* Bravo!—why they made you a philosopher.

*Fred.* Sir, I am indebted to them for a nobler title ; for they made me a Christian. Some time since, Providence blessed me by making me its instrument in preserving the life of Lord Avondale ; and how has he rewarded me ? he has placed me near his person—he has asked me to call him friend.—Oh ! if the devotion of this life—

*Lord Avon.* Dear Frederick ! no more.

*Fred.* One moment. 'Tis true, I think of my birth with grief, but till vice can be proved hereditary I will not think of it with shame : if virtue be an inmate in this breast, shall I basely scorn the fostering hands that placed it there ?—no, rather let me proclaim that my protectors were the noblest spirits of the land. O generous imperial Britain ! look proudly round ; and, while other nations boast their Pantheons of Gods, do thou display thy princely endowments for calamity—thy palaces for poverty. I've talked too long—pray pardon me ; but oh ! this heart—this grateful heart—was bursting. [Exit.

*Gen.* Damn that fellow, to make an old woman of a general (*wiping his eyes*). Oh, if they had but made him a drummer, by this he might have been a hero—and as dead as Alexander the Great.

*Julia.* Dear father, what a horrid thought!—how fortunate is he in so noble a patron !

*Lord Avon.* His merit steps before his fortune ; for if, proudly blossoming on the tree of hereditary honour, so many produce only the fruit of vice, how greatly should he be esteemed in whose breast (spite of the uncultivated soul, the nipping blasts of adversity, and the foul and poisonous weeds that envelope it) virtue takes firm root ; and, warmed by the divine ray of our religion, gives

produce grateful to Heaven—a blessing to mankind!  
(*Noise without.*)

*Julia.* Here comes the criminal!—allow me to retire.

*Lord Avon.* Honour me with your hand. This good lady will attend you.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Aye, that I will.—What a neat pretty creature!

*Lord Avon.* “The agitation he has caused you  
“fair creature! will not tend to soften my resent-  
“ment.”

*Julia.* “Oh, my lord!—but I will not fear that  
“I can aggravate his suffering; for Lord Avon-  
“dale’s dispensations of justice must ever be tem-  
“pered by mercy.”

[*Exeunt LORD AVONDALE, JULIA, MRS. NICELY,  
and attendants.*]

*Gen.* So, here comes Scapegrace!

*Enter FREDERICK with TYKE, in custody of black  
servants.*

*Fred.* You may now unbind him. (*Takes out  
a pocket-book.*)

*Tyke.* Ah, do; for ease, you know, is every  
thing. (*They unbind him*). Aye, now we’re all  
alike—and that makes company pleasant. Give  
me my hat, though;—for I wish to be mannerly;  
and a hat helps a body a bit. (*Moving his hat  
about.*)

*Fred.* Well, fellow!—behold the vile situation  
to which you have brought yourself.

*Tyke.* No, Sur, don’t say that; because I did  
not bring myself—they brought me: bless you!  
I did not wish to come.—I just mention it, ’cause  
right’s right.

*Fred.* From whence do you come?



*Tyke.* Fra t'other side of watter—I come fra abroad.

*Fred.* Your name?

*Tyke.* Why my name's Bobby.

*Fred.* Your surname?

*Tyke.* Oh! I understand, mun—Tyke.

*Fred.* Robert Tyke.

*Tyke.* Yes.

*Gen.* You have occasionally changed your name?

*Tyke.* Nay, never: sister changed hers when she was married—but then I never was married. This is a very pretty room—don't you think so?

*Fred.* Insolent!

*Tyke.* Oh no, sur; I civilly thought you might like to change conversation: too much of one thing, you know—

*Fred.* If you have partners in your guilt, and will make full confession, you may probably be admitted king's evidence.

*Tyke.* You don't say so? That must be mighty grand indeed! Me king's evidence! I'm much obliged to you; but I don't rightly know why they've brought me on a visit to this lord, like—because I've not the pleasure of his acquaintance.

*Fred.* Indeed! more knave than fool, I find.

*Gen.* Well scoundrel!—

*Tyke.* Sur, I ax pardon; but consider I'm no' but a stranger; and saying scoundrel is rather macking free at first sight, I think.—

*Gen.* But at first sight you clapt a pistol to my head, and be damned to you! I'll trounce you, you black rascal!

*Tyke.* (To black servant.) You hear what your master says to you?

*Fred.* And you shall hear what Lord Avondale will say to you.

*Tyke.* But now, why should you trouble his lordship? I'm sure if you will propose any thing at all in reason, you'll not find me fractious.

*Gen.* Go to the devil!

*Tyke.* (*Looking at servants.*) Ecod, I seem to have got there already.--

*Gen.* Here comes my lord.

*Enter Lord AVONDALE.*

*L. Avon.* Where is the prisoner?

*Tyke.* Aye, where's prisoner? My lord wants to know where prisoner is.—(*They bring Tyke forward; Lord Avondale, on seeing him, starts; Tyke looks at him with an eye of recognition.*)

*L. Avon.* It is impossible—Yet those features—

*Tyke.* If it should—but, no, it can't be—

*L. Avon.* (*recovering.*) What is the prisoner's name.

*Fred.* Robert Tyke.

*L. Avon.* (*apart.*) It is the man!—How shall I proceed?

*Tyke.* I'm dommed, but it's him! Oh, then all's just as nice as nine-pence. (*Apart and snapping his fingers.*)

*L. Avon.* This man a robber?—impossible!

*Tyke.* Quite foolish to suppose it.

*L. Avon.* I know him well. He is my tenant.

*Tyke.* Yes; and if I had been a rogue, 'tis very likely you would have trusted me, as you did, with—

*L. Avon.* (*interrupting him.*) Very large sums of money. General, can you swear that this man presented a pistol to your breast?

*Gen.* Oh no, my lord! I can't see very well by day, and it was as dark as the devil.

*L. Avon.* What evidence, then, have you of his guilt?

*Tyke.* We have not got ony at all, sur.

*Fred.* Silence!

*Gen.* Why, when I fired, the robber fled into a wood; and my servants found this fellow perched on a tree.

*Tyke.* Yes, that's right enough--that's no lie.

*Gen.* Lie! Oh that you were a gentleman!

*Tyke.* Thank you, sur; perhaps you could help me to someit in that line?

*L. Avon.* How came you, fellow, on that tree?

*Tyke.* Sur--my lord, I mean--you was not a lord tho' when--

*L. Avon.* (*interrupting him.*) When you were my tenant?--no: go on.--

*Tyke.* Why, I was taking alone by myself a salutary walk, thinking of what not--about the moon and cheeses, and politics, and pigs, and things I'm acquainted with like--quite natural, you know--when I heard a shooting off o' gunpowder; so, says I to myself, without speaking tho', as sure as my name's Bob, here's a parcell of rogues or smugglers, gammering and fighting, and ecod an honest man may get himself shot among em; so I clavvered up a tree--quite natural, you know.--

*L. Avon.* This is far from improbable.

*Tyke.* Very far. 'Tis highly improbable, I assure you.

*L. Avon.* (*to General*) A word---You have certainly mistaken the man. A victorious General becoming the prosecutor of a felon would not, perhaps, be very agreeable?

*Gen.* No;---I should not like it. I say, send him about his business.

*L. Avon.* There are suspicions; but--

*Gen.* Suspicions don't become a gentleman.

*L. Avon.* Perhaps he might again attack you,

*Gen.* Do you think he would? (*Apart*) That's just what I should like. Let him go; I won't prosecute: only let him go, that's all.

*L. Avon.* Frederick, the evidence adduced being too slight to place the life of man in danger, or injure his character by unfounded accusation, he is discharged.

*Fred.* Discharged!

*L. Avon.* Yes, sir, discharged! (*with severity.*) Unless your superior judgment and authority change the determination.

*Fred.* 'Tis very strange;---discharge the prisoner!

*Tyke.* That's me----I'm prisoner, I know.

*Fred.* You may depart.

*Tyke.* Thank you, sur. I'm sorry to break up company like----(*going.*)

*L. Avon.* Hold! (*To Tyke apart*) This time you have escaped; but if again---

*Tyke.* Oh! why should I? I shall want for nothing now, you know. He! he! I was varry glad to see you, sir----my lord; for I don't suppose among strangers my innocence would have stood me in much stead----I don't indeed.

*L. Avon.* Be prudent. Frederick, at more leisure I mean to admonish this man respecting his future conduct;---convey him to a secure apartment, and let him not converse with my people. Come, General; your lenity does credit to your feelings.

*Gen.* My lord, I'll not contradict you, because it may lead to unpleasant consequences.

[*Exeunt Lord AVONDALE and General TARRAGAN.*

*Fred.* What should this mean?---I am ready to attend you.

*Tyke.* Sir, 'tis too much---really too much---

*Fred.* Go before—

*Tyke.* Upon my honour, I'm quite shocked like---ha! ha! ha! But if I must---why---(*puts on his hat.*) [Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE II.—*The House. A Pleasure-ground of Mrs. Ferment's. Mrs. Ferment is discovered at the Top of the Stage, adjusting some Flowers. Enter TIMOTHY from the House.*

*Timothy.*

DEAR, dear, where can mistress be!----My master is in such a combustion and a passion---- (*Mrs. Ferment advances*).----Madam, my master wants to see you directly; he says he has a plan---

*Mrs. Fer.* A plan----you mean a hundred.---- Very well, I'll come. (*Moves the other way.*)

*Tim.* That's a queer way of coming.----

*Mrs. Fer.* Did you not hear me, Sir? (*Exit Timothy.*) A plan, indeed! heigh-ho! unless I take care, this good man of mine, by his profound penetration and superior foresight, will absolutely run blindfold into ruin.

*Re-enter TIMOTHY.*

*Tim.* My master, madam, is quite angry with me, because you won't come:----now, madam, that's not my fault you know, because----

*Mrs. Fer.* Silence!----Has Miss Tarragan returned from Avondale castle? Oh, I see her carriage. (*She kisses her hand.*) Tell your master I'll come presently.

*Tim.* I have told him that, but----

*Mrs. Fer.* Don't you hear, Sir? [*Exit Timothy.*]

(Enter JULIA.)

My dear girl, welcome back!----Well all quiet there? (*Pointing to Julia's heart.*) Eh! were you not dazzled with the splendid emanation of his Lordship's diplomatic fame?

"*Julia.* His politeness was extreme.

"*Mrs. Fer.* Oh! that's all.

"*Julia.* The compliments he paid me were delicate; but so cold----

"*Mrs. Fer.* As to convince you that his heart and understanding were at that moment employed on some foreign embassy.----Well, my love, and is the happy day fixed?"

*Julia.* (*Bursting into tears.*) O madam!

*Mrs. Fer.* My sweet girl! pardon me; I am shocked at my levity----But, tell me, does this projected alliance render you miserable?

*Julia.* Oh! truly so.

*Mrs. Fer.* I have not the honour of his Lordship's acquaintance, but am convinced he never will press the fulfilment of an engagement which would entail misery on one so lovely and amiable.

*Julia.* (*With vivacity.*) Do you think so?----Ah! but then my father is determined.

*Mrs. Fer.* And are you determined to obey?

*Julia.* You know, madam, I must obey my father, as much as if he were my husband.

*Mrs. Fer.* Umph! Why, as much as *that* perhaps you may; but there are instances, my love, where even husbands are not always obey'd.

Enter TIMOTHY.

*Tim.* My master, madam, insists on it you come to him.

*Mrs. Fer.* I cannot come----I'm engaged----say so. (*Exit Timothy.*) Ha! ha! rather an apt illustration.--

*Julia.* Govern a husband!

*Mrs. Fer.* Yes.

*Julia.* But how is it done?

*Mrs. Fer.* What a question!—of course by the tongue.

*Julia.* Ha! ha! I have heard, indeed, that its voluble exertion will achieve—

*Mrs. Fer.* Nothing, positively nothing;—on the contrary, I maintain that its flexibility is the grand course of female subjugation.—Words, my love, give animation to the contest; there's blow for blow, and, the weapon not being fatal, victory is seldom obtained—but, to sullen inveterate silence what can be opposed?—My motto is—Be dumb, and conquer.

*Julia.* I wonder, then, silence is not more practised.

*Mrs. Fer.* Oh! my dear child, 'tis very difficult—even, I, anxious, of course, for the honour of my system, can hardly keep my tongue quiet---I do so long to prattle that, upon my honour, I am forced sometimes to give it a bite.

*Julia.* Ha! ha!

*Mrs. Fer.* My dear young friend! I don't mean to make a rebel of you; but if you honour us with your company a few days, I think you will be convinced that a woman may sometimes govern with propriety.---[*Tim.* (*Speaks in the house.*) Yes, Sir ----she's in the garden.]----

Ah! here he comes! Fly, my love, fly---for it would be cruel in me to allow you to anticipate the joys of matrimony.---Now for a duet, which I fear will be distinguished rather by its spirit than its harmony, and will probably end in a solo by my dear crazy husband.---Pursue this walk, and I'll come to you presently----look here----this way.

[*Exeunt.*]



*Fer.* (*Without.*) You are sure she's here.----

*Timothy.* (*Without.*) Yes, Sir.

*FERMENT enters from the House---Papers in his Hand---others sticking out of his Pocket---TIMOTHY follows.*

*Fer.* So, madam, I must come to you.---must I?---Why did you say my wife was here?

*Tim.* Why, Sir, I sure she was.---if you'll allow me, Sir, only to.---

*Fer.* Don't be tedious.

*Tim.* Sir, I only—

*Fer.* Blockhead! don't you know you address a man of penetration and talents?

*Tim.* I'm sure I ought to know, for you have told me so a hundred times.—There's a man in the hall waiting for you—'tis—

*Fer.* I know who it is—'tis the churchwarden.

*Tim.* No, Sir, it is not; 'tis—

*Fer.* I know it is Mr. Visto, the author of the picturesque and beautiful—

*Tim.* No, Sir, it is not the picturesque and beautiful gentleman—'tis Dr. Oxygen, the man that cures folks by giving them airs to drink.---

*Fer.* True, Timothy; and I mean to be his patient.—

*Tim.* Don't, Sir.—Lord, I'm sure you can give yourself airs plenty.—

*Fer.* Silence!—Give the doctor this certificate of cures.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir—(*Reading and going.*)---Mortality bill for the year.---

*Fer.* You stupid rascal! you have got the wrong paper.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir—I ax pardon for your giving it me—(*Mrs. Ferment appears again.*)---Sir, here is.---

*Fer.* I know—'tis my wife. (*Timothy smacks his hands together.*) What did you mean by that?

*Tim.* I'll be shot if for *once* you have not guessed right.—

*Fer.* For once guessed right!—begone!—(*Exit Timothy.*)—What a misfortune to possess talents, penetration, foreknowledge, and be surrounded by a parcel of ignorant—

*Mrs. Fer.* hem!—

*Fer.* I think, madam, you might have attended my summons a little sooner.—(*She shakes her head.*)—Aye, that means no! (*She nods.*) Ah, that means yes!—but why not say so?—damn it, there can't be much trouble in saying—yes—(*She smiles*)—Ah, my dear wife! never shall I forget what you said last July was a twelvemonth.—You said, and I thought it the music of the spheres, that nothing was so delicious as a congenial interchange of sentiment.

*Mrs. Fer.* I think so still.

*Fer.* She speaks—now for a charming prattle—you think so still?

*Mrs. Fer.* Yes, my dear; and provided you talk reasonably—

*Fer.* Certainly.

*Mrs. Fer.* And don't contradict—

*Fer.* I never do—there I must contradict you—Now tell me, when did I ever contradict my dear wife?—This is delightful, 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Well, how go on the improvements?—Now here, for instance—(*Looking towards the audience*)—the ho:-house—charming, is it not?—The choicest gems of nature nurtured by the refined hand of art, lovely to behold, but difficult to collect them—the beauties seem rather crowded though—

*Mrs. Fer.* I should be very sorry to part with one of them.

*Fer.* I don't wonder at it.—That approach to the left is infernal—we must plant laurels by thousands.—

*Mrs. Fer.* Why, indeed, the planting of laurels becomes rather a necessary duty, when so many of our gallant countrymen are determined to gather them.—

*Fer.* Oh! pretty, pretty!

*Mrs. Fer.* But instead of laurel-trees, bay-trees, or pedigree-trees, I could mention a tree that I fear, husband, you will never cultivate—and yet it is the parent stock from which these scions proudly flourish.

*Fer.* Indeed!

*Mrs. Fer.* It is called, my dear, the tree of industry;—its soil is liberty—its root is integrity—its stem is independence—its branches are benevolence—its blossoms are honours—and its fruit—a plum.

*Fer.* How she talks! But you like this plan of pulling down the house—putting a hundred acres under water?—

*Mrs. Fer.* No.

*Fer.* Why, my love? explain in full—be ample, my darling.

*Mrs. Fer.* Because we cannot afford the expence—indeed, my dear George, if you would turn your attention to the means of increasing our fortune instead of diminishing it—consider our children.

*Fer.* Oh bless you, my very thoughts—that's sympathy—what I call nuptials of the soul.—Sit down, my darling Fanny? I've such a plan! You know, my love, that my relative Miss Tarragan is about to be married to Lord Avondale.

(*She nods.*) Nay, hang it, don't do that!—(*Imitating.*)—as the man says in the play, 'If thou canst nod, speak too.'

*Mrs. Fer.* Very well.

*Fer.* Then I shall be introduced.—

*Mrs. Fer.* Very well.—

*Fer.* You know I'm a devilish clever fellow.—

*Mrs. Fer.* No, I don't.

*Fer.* Yes, you do—and Lord Avondale is a first rate—a monstrous great gun.—Now his interest, backed by a few thousands, for which we could mortgage our estate—(*She shews symptoms of discontent*)—would obtain me a seat in a certain assembly, which, with my talents, would lead to——(*pause.*)—Eh!—now what do you say? it would lead to——(*pause.*)—Dumb again!—(*She turns her chair from him, and looks at an ornament suspended at her breast.*)—That's my hair in the locket, is not it? (*loud*)—Don't you hear? (*pause, greatly irritated.*) Allow me, madam, to ask you one question, which is,—What the devil's the use, when I can't get an answer?—You are a scandal to your sex, do you hear that? I'll be divorced—'tis a new case.—I'll be divorced, I tell you. Now what have you to say to that! eh? (*pause*) Block-head! to explain my grand designs to such a ninny—I've done with you.

*Enter TIMOTHY, who whispers Mrs. FERMENT.*

*Mrs. Fer.* Very well—I'll come—

*Fer.* Eh?—very—what did you say, my dear?—What do you want, Sir?

*Tim.* My mistress will inform you, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Fer.* Will she? Well, if she will I shall be much obliged—(*Exit Mrs. Ferment into the house.*)—Gone! Oh I shall go mad!—I wish I could hate her.—Now must I abandon all my delicious

plans, or I shall never get another word from her—*(listens)*—She's coming back : oh ho ! she relents—now I must manage this in my best manner—I won't condescend to look at her.—

*(Enter General TARRAGAN.)*

So, you've thought proper to return—pretty time to quarrel indeed, as if I should not have plague enough with that old absurd General ! Sit down—I must let you into his character ; you don't know him—I do—*(General seats himself.)*—He talks devilishly about fighting, but I have my doubts—a word in your ear—*(Turning round, sees General Tarragan.)*

*Gen.* And a word in yours—you may satisfy your doubts directly.

*Fer.* *(Stammering, and affecting to laugh.)* Devilish comical, was not it?—I thought it was my wife ; and it is very hard that a man can't say what he pleases to his own wife—Ha ! ha !—you don't dislike a joke, my dear General ?

*Gen.* Not if it's a good one—but I can't say much for yours.

*Fer.* Indeed !—then say no more about it. *(Apart.)* Well parried.—Did you meet my wife ?

*Gen.* Yes—a very fine woman—perhaps you don't think so ?

*Fer.* Oh yes, I do—I adore her ; but——

*Gen.* But—ah ! there's always a *but*.

*Fer.* Did she speak a little to you ?

*Gen.* Certainly.

*Fer.* Happy fellow !

*Gen.* Oh ! what she's apt to speak too much to you ?

*Fer.* No ; damn it ! she won't speak at all.—My dear cousin, considering how very few silent

wives there are, 'tis devilish hard that I should be cursed with a dummy.—

*Gen.* Why, I own your case is singular ; but I'll give you a bit of advice, I have often received advice from you—

*Fer.* You have been so fortunate.

*Gen.* And bad enough it was.

*Fer.* Nay, don't say that.

*Gen.* Well, I won't ; but it was very bad.—

*Fer.* That is not fair.

*Gen.* I own it is not—but damned bad it was, to be sure.

*Fer.* Nay.

*Gen.* Well, tell me—does she ever talk ?

*Fer.* Oh, yes, sometimes !

*Gen.* Then mark—when she's inclined, don't let her.

*Fer.* Not let her ! 'tis my delight—the solace of—

*Gen.* Never mind ; when she begins do you thunder, gabble away, never stop—How are your lungs ?

*Fer.* Pretty well.

*Gen.* Don't give it up—Suppose you go and rehearse—the water mill's going—very pretty double for a lady's prattle.

*Fer.* But, my dear General, when am I to be introduced to the Peer ?—I pant for the interview—the public ought and shall benefit by my powers. I mean to get into Parliament (*in a loud whisper*).

*Gen.* Why, you'll have no want of conversation there.—

*Fer.* True ; and married men make the best members—they bear contradiction with a good grace—never in a hurry to call for the question,

and get home—so—But you must own that my advice never did you any harm.

*Gen.* Well, I own it never did; for, to say the truth, friend Ferment, damme if I ever took it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Avondale Castle.*

*Enter Lord AVONDALE; he pauses, then proceeds to the opposite Door and opens it. Enter from it TYKE.*

*Lord Avon.* Come hither—How is this, Robert? When I left England you were a youth, whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation—your morals were pure, your industry exemplary—how is it then that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

*Tyke.* Ah, Sur, it was all along we' you.

*Lord Avon.* Me! was not my bounty ample? did I not give you independence?

*Tyke.* Ah, that was it—when you sent me that little child to take care on—

*Lord Avon.* Hush!

*Tyke.* Well, well;—and that big lump of monee! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty; I always had my hand in my pocket, scrummelling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as nine-pence. Oh, ho! says I, I'll make short work o'this; I'll go to Newmarket, where the Lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry. So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the Jockey Lords called me Squire, you see—

and clapping me on the back in this manner, says, Squire, your horse will beat every thing!

*Lord Avon.* Indeed!

*Tyke.* Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily, the Jockey Lords told me a damned heap o'lies; for ma horse always cam in lag-last.—Then told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to and somehow I got intid ditch like.—So what with that and playing cards at *Lambs skinnings* (for, bless you, I could not catch them at Snitchums) I was—

*Lord Avon.* Ruined.

*Tyke.* Yes; as Jockey Lords said—completely cleaned out.

*Lord Avon.* Did you not return to honest labour?

*Tyke.* Oh, no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger: no, I could not tak to work.—

*Lord Avon.* Go on.

*Tyke.* Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it? the horse that beat mine sometimes coax'd, and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod! galloped off wi' me a matter of a hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself—

*Lord Avon.* But they did.

*Tyke.* Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at sizes.

*Lord Avon.* What could you say to avert your fate?

*Tyke.* Why, I told the Judge—says I, My Lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle—exchange is no robbery—mistakes of this kind will happen—but, I assure you, I've kept the best company we' Jockey Lords, and



such like as yourself.—So they all smiled, as much as to say, he's one of us like—and I thought all was right enough :—but the Judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or any thing, orders me to be hanged !—

*Lord Avon.* Poor wretch !

*Tyke.* Don't you be frightened ; they did not hang ma' mum—don't e believe that ; no, bless you they sent ma' to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

*Lord Avon.* Where, I hope, you remained, resigned to your fate.

*Tyke.* Oh ! quite resigned—for I could not get away :—I dare say I tried a hundred times.

*Lord Avon.* Why did not I know this ?—Had you sent to my house—

*Tyke.* I did send to your house.

*Lord Avon.* Well !

*Tyke.* Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house—but then I did not know where that was—and that you was sent abroad by government :—I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like—not that it suprised me, because I heard of your always being at *Cockpit*, and I guessed what that would end in.

*Lord Avon.* Pshaw !—Come hither ; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush ! we are interrupted—retire into that room.

*Tyke.* Certainly ; oh, you'll find me quite an agreeable companion like.—There seems some varry pratty clothes of yours in that room.—I should not wonder at all if one of them coats would fit me—for we're a good deal alike as to person and manner, I think.--

*Lord Avon.* Well, well--go in, go in.

[*Exit Tyke.*]

(Enter FREDERICK.)

Frederick, welcome!—you must execute a commission for me. Look here, this is my portrait, painted many years since; present it to my lovely bride—Why do you start?

*Fred.* My Lord, I am ill suited to the task.

*Lord Avon.* By no means. This marriage, Frederick, is of the highest import to my happiness and honour.—The claims made on the purse of him who boasts the people's favour, few fortunes can uphold—mine has sunk beneath them; and, but for this wealthy alliance, obloquy might foully spot the proud name of Avondale:—therefore, good Frederick you must be my advocate.

*Fred.* What!—I plead another's passion! (*apart*) Indeed, my Lord, I shall disgrace your cause.

*Lord Avon.* Is it then much to praise a friend, who perhaps has merited your praise?

*Fred.* Oh no! (*taking the picture*); on that theme doubt not my zeal.—I fly to know my duty. (*Going, returns.*) I had forgot—General Tarragan begs a few minutes conversation. It seems, as well as I can recollect from his discourse, that he has conducted to England a Mrs. St. Clair, in whose cause he wishes to interest your Lordship.

*Lord Avon.* She may command my services: how are they to be directed?

*Fred.* She wishes, as I understand, to institute an enquiry respecting the child of a deceased friend, a Mrs. Radnor.

*Lord Avon.* (*Starting.*) Radnor!

*Fred.* It is your Lordship's family name.

*Lord Avon.* (*Embarassed.*) Yes; that occasioned my surprise—Where did the General meet this lady?

*Fred.* On the confines of Spain;—She resided many years in the convent where Mrs. Radnor died.

*Lord Avon.* Died! (*Seems in thought.*)

*Fred.* Shall he attend you here?

*Lord Avon.* Yes; no.—

*Fred.* He means to publish the particulars, and offer a large reward.—

*Lord Avon.* (*With energy.*) Not for the world! —(*recovering.*)—that is, I would not advise it. Bring me to him——hold—is he alone?

*Fred.* He is attended by Mr. Ferment, your neighbour.

*Lord Avon.* Ferment! I know him not; I must see him alone—tell him so, good Frederick.

*Fred.* He will be rejoiced to hear how much your Lordship is interested in the cause of his fair friend.

*Lord Avon.* I am interested—(*Exit Frederick.*) —oh, deeply interested.—Should it be so, what follows?—ruin, shame, dishonour—Oh, guilt! guilt! [*Exit.*]

FERMENT *peeps through the Door, looks about, then enters.*

While his lordship is engaged with the General, no harm in taking a peep—Charming rooms!—fit for expanded genius, like mine:—here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths, till I reach the closet—the sanctum sanctorum—the —eh! somebody in that room: it would be cursed mal-a-propos to stumble on the Peer before I'm introduced—But he's safe with the General, so never mind.

(*Enter TYKE, in a different Coat.*)

Sir, your most devoted servant.

*Tyke.* Same to you, Sir ; same to you.

*Fer.* Odd figure !—Oh, I see at once who he is—great county man, in the commission—yet well with him—may be useful. Sorry, Sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

*Tyke.* Are you ? Now there we differ.

*Fer.* Indeed !—You who are used to the sessions must know these things better than I. Your friend Lord Avondale is a great character, extremely popular : did you hear his last speech ?

*Tyke.* No ; I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

*Fer.* In the country, perhaps ?

*Tyke.* No, I was out of the country.

*Fer.* Abroad ?

*Tyke.* Yes.

*Fer.* What, run out a little, eh—rather out at the elbows ?

*Tyke.* A good deal.

*Fer.* You'll excuse me ; but I see things in a moment.—What—cards, hazard—ah, my dear Sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

*Tyke.* You think so ? Why I could have got that done fast enough.

*Fer.* But I suppose you were determined to take your swing.

*Tyke.* Not exactly ; but I did not go abroad on that account.

*Fer.* Oh, I know it in a moment—ill health ?

*Tyke.* Why, I certainly should have died if I had stayed.

*Fer.* Indeed !—Oh, my dear Sir, in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

*Tyke.* I have.

*Fer.* Suffer much confinement ?

*Tyke.* A good deal.

*Fer.* You of course were properly attended ; you had good judges of your case ?

*Tyke.* They were reckoned so ; I did not much fancy them myself.—

*Fer.* And they said a voyage would save you ?

*Tyke.* To a certainty.

*Fer.* You must have been transported at the news ?

*Tyke.* I was

*Fer.* Has it cured you ? (*Offering a pinch of snuff.*)

*Tyke.* I don't know, I think I feel some of my old symptoms—(*Takes the box.*)—this is a varry pratty box—I've lost mine.

*Fer.* Do me the honour to use that—till—(*Apart*) If he would but keep it !—(*Tyke puts it in his pocket*)—he has—My dear Sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale.

*Tyke.* Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.

*Fer.* Lucky fellow !—(*apart.*)—My name, Sir, is Ferment ; by and by I shall be introduced to the peer.—You know business—a word thrown in by you would prevent my being in the wrong box—eh ? (*Tyke winks and nods.*)—I apprehend you.

*Tyke.* You apprehend me, do you ? (*Alarmed.*)

*Fer.* That is, I conceive—I understand—ah, Sir, you don't know me.

*Tyke.* No, I don't ; and you don't know me.

*Fer.* Yes I do ; you are a generous disinterested gentleman—I can see what others can't.

*Tyke.* Yes, you can.

*Enter Lord AVONDALE unobserved by FERMENT.*

*Lord Avon.* Ah! whom have we here? (*Apart.*)

*Fer.* As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm into his secrets.—I say, which is the weak side—where is he ticklish?

*Tyke.* Ticklish!—I'm sure I never tried.

*Fer.* Never mind; I know.—Between ourselves—see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me. (*Lord Avondale has placed himself close to Ferment's chair.*)

*Tyke.* Why, for that matter, so do I.

*Fer.* I'll soon find the right place to tickle him. (*Turns round, sees Lord Avondale at his elbow, who eyes him with severity—Ferment attempts to speak, but cannot—Lord Avondale advances—Ferment escapes at the door where he entered.*)

*Lord Avon.* Worm into my secrets!—What does he mean? Who is he?

*Tyke.* He calls himself Ferment.

*Lord Avon.* I shall remember him.

*Tyke.* He gave me this box, to speak a good word for him like—he seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

*Lord Avon.* At present he is not worth a thought—for I have received information that alarms—distracts me.—Come near—that boy—(what a question for a parent!)—does he survive?

*Tyke.* I don't know.

*Lord Avon.* Not know?

*Tyke.* No.

*Lord Avon.* Where did you leave him?

*Tyke.* Where did I leave him? Why—Come, come, talk of something else. (*Seems disturbed.*)

*Lord Avon.* Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

*Tyke.* No.

*Lord Avon.* Then my secret's safe.

*Tyke.* I've said so.

*Lord Avon.* Why that frown? What? not even to your father?

*Tyke.* Who! (*Starts.*)

*Lord Avon.* What agitates you?—You had a father.

*Tyke.* Had a father! be quiet, be quiet. (*Walks about greatly agitated.*)

*Lord Avon.* By the name of him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

*Tyke.* (*Striking his forehead.*) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all.—Yes, I had a father; and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked, we' heavy heart I warrant, all the way tid' jail to see me; and he prayed to heaven for me—(*Pointing, but not daring to look up*)—just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart like. (*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*)

*Lord Avon.* Proceed.

*Tyke.* Presently.

*Lord Avon.* Did you entrust the child to his care?

*Tyke.* I did.

*Lord Avon.* Do not pause—you rack me.

*Tyke.* Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end out.—I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak:—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms.—

*Lord Avon.* Go on.

*Tyke.* 'Tis soon said—(*Collecting his fortitude*)—When the signal gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and some-

body took up the child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth—I saw no more.

—(*Sinks exhausted into a chair.*)

*Lord Avon.* Horrible!—What? record a father's death without a tear?

*Tyke.* Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for can cry?—No, no, I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry.—(*A vacant stare of horror.*)

*Lord Avon.* And is this desolation my work? Oh repent, repent!

*Tyke.* (*Starting up.*) For what? is not father dead?—a'n't I a thief—cursed—hated—hunted?—Why should I be afraid of the devil? don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched—

*Lord Avon.* Within is wine.

*Tyke.* Brandy, brandy!

*Lord Avon.* Compose yourself—follow me—you want sleep.

*Tyke.* Sleep, ha, ha! under the sod I may.  
(*Points down and groans heavily.*)

[*Exit, following Lord Avondale.*]



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Garden belonging to Mr. FERMENT.*

*Enter Mrs. FERMERT and JULIA.*

*Mrs. Ferment.*

LOOK, my dear? the windows of Mrs. St. Clair's apartment are open, probably we may see her. "Pray, where did you first meet this interesting woman?"

"*Julia.* In the confines of Portugal: she had been for many years the inhabitant of a convent; but, by the fate of war, its institution was dissolved, and its members cast upon the charity of the world: we found her in obscurity and indigence, yet possessing jewels and other articles of value, which no aggravation of distress could induce her to part from. She said they were evidences by which she hoped to punish perfidy, and assert the innocence of a departed friend.

"*Mrs. Fer.* A departed friend!--ah! her griefs cling so closely to her aching breast, they surely must be her own.

"*Julia.* My father afforded her his protection; and I trust, madam, and under your hospitable roof she will again recover her health and tranquillity."

*Julia.* Here comes her attendant—an Irish girl.

(Enter SHELAH.)

Well, good Shelah, how is my friend?

*Shelah.* Oh! mighty weak, madam.

*Mrs. Fer.* I fear her indisposition increases.

*Shelah.* Then Heaven keep her as she is, poor lady! for fear she grows worse.—She wishes to take a walk out, so I am going to carry a coach to her.

*Mrs. Fer.* I'll take care of that.—Did you reside in the same convent with your lady?

*Shelah.* I did, Madam, till the soldiers came with their bayonets and turned us all out into the wide wicked world, as merry as grigs Madam.—  
(*Curtseys.*)

*Mrs. Fer.* You doubtless are acquainted with Mrs. St. Clair's story?

*Shelah.* I am, Madam.

*Mrs. Fer.* Then pray tell me—

*Shelah.* I won't, Madam.—(*Curtseying.*)

*Mrs. Fer.* My faithful girl, believe me, my question would not have tended to abuse the confidence placed in you.

*Shelah.* I hope not Madam; for my fidelity is all in this world I can call my own, and that's my Lady's.

*Mrs. Fer.* Accept this as a reward for that fidelity—(*Offering money.*)

*Shelah.* Ah, Madam, and would you be after paying me for what is no trouble at all, and what I can't help?—Had I indeed betrayed my dear Lady, that would have been a mighty trouble to me, and I should have deserved every thing you could offer me. Excuse my boldness in refusing—my mistress wants me. (*Curtseys, and exit.*)

*Julia.* Here comes my friend.

*Enter Mrs. ST. CLAIR, leaning on Shelah.*

*Mrs. Fer.* Dear Madam!—

*Julia.* My charming friend!

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Pardon me, but when the mind is care-worn, kindness oppresses, and, but that the grateful heart can return the tribute of a tear, benevolence would oft destroy what it so nobly aims to cherish.

*Mrs. Fer.* I hope to tempt you abroad; the surrounding scenery is esteemed beautiful.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Too well I know its charms—*(apart.)*—Surely the hand of Providence has guided me to the place where first I saw a loved, but cruel, husband.—Oh Heaven! should he yet live and thy unerring finger point to his devoted head—first grant me thy justice—then let the dispensations of thy mercy pardon his offences!

“*Julia.* Come, come, you must talk to me—  
 “The day is inviting—the air invigorates the  
 “spirits, gives wings to the fancy—the jocund  
 “spring is chaunting her matin song, while she  
 “gaily waves a chaplet for her mother nature;  
 “and rosy health, encircled by her band of wan-  
 “ton zephyrs, beckons you to the upland lawn,  
 “anxious to join you in her happy train.—Dare  
 “you refuse, when ’tis heaven’s breath invites?—  
 “Come, come.”

*Enter* FREDERICK.

*Julia.* Good morning, Sir!—*Mrs. St. Clair*—  
*(Presenting him.)*

*Fred.* Lord Avondale, Madam, warmly solicitous that his services may contribute to your happiness, asks when he may be permitted the honour of attending you?

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Express my humble gratitude to his Lordship.—All times must equally suit her who has in this world but one business—one care.—

*Fred.* I shall say so; and if the efforts of him who addresses you, can serve you Lady, point but the road; inquiry must pursue, and zeal and diligence will do their best to supply the absence of influence or talent.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Oh, Sir!—Dear girl, speak my gratitude.

*Julia.* He is already thanked; for the kind heart, while prompting the tongue to speak its dictates, receives in return the grateful whispers of approving virtue.

*Fred.* What fascinating sweetness!—but, stern duty! I obey thee—My noble friend begs to lay at the feet of his fair bride this offering of his devotion—of his love.—(*He trembling presents a portrait—she receives it—both remain silent.*)

*Mrs. Fer.* Upon my honour, this offering seems a talisman—it has absolutely chained both your tongues.—Why Sir, if an antiquary present to his society an old saucer, he makes a bit of a speech about it.—Let me see. Why, my love! is Lord Avondale so young, and so handsome?—

*Julia.* I don't know.—(*Pettishly.*)

*Mrs. Fer.* Well, well; I asked a civil question—ha! ha!

*Fred.* It was painted many years since.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* The portrait of the nobleman who has so kindly interested himself in my behalf?

*Mrs. Fer.* Yes; really a charming man, is he not? (*Presenting the picture to Mrs. St. Clair.*)

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Heaven! Oh, support me! (*Faints.*)

*Mrs. Fer.* She recovers.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* A sudden oppression—Where is that youth? (*Grasps Frederick's hand and speaks with difficulty*) Are—you—his—son?

*Fred.* Alas! Madam, a poor orphan—the creature of his bounty.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Has he no son?

*Fred.* None, Madam; his Lordship was never married.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* I'm sick at heart; lead me in;—forgive me for ungratefully repelling your kindness—I must be alone.

*Fred.* May I convey to Lord Avondale the papers?—(*She waves her hand refusingly.*)—Shall his Lordship attend?

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Never! (*To Shelah*) 'Tis he!  
*Shelah.* Ah!

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Hush!

[*Exeunt Mrs. St. Clair and Shelah.*]

*Fred.* How changed—how mysterious—how to develope;—but is that my duty? No, no.

*Julia.* Dear, dear! I wish I could divert her from her solitude;—I wish—I'll tell you—I wish I could purchase for her a pretty low phaeton and two little quiet ponies, that I could drive. Sir, here is a purse; and when I consider that its contents might have lightened the heart of misery, I blush that it has so long remained here a useless burthen.—Will you execute this commission for me?

*Fred.* With my best skill.

*Julia.* I am sure your sympathising heart will convert this trouble to a pleasure.

*Fred.* Ah, Lady! of the cup of flattery we all wish to taste; but when it is presented by the hand of a Hebe, what fortitude can resist the sweet intoxication?—(*Apart*) Ah, perfidious wretch! is this pleading my noble patron's cause?—I humbly take my leave. (*Bows and exit. Julia looks after him.*)

*Mrs. Fer.* So, so!—my love, that's a gate.

*Julia.* Yes, I know 'tis a gate ; but, at that moment, my thoughts were—

*Mrs. Fer.* On the other side of it—Here comes your father, and with him my dear wise husband.

*Enter General TARRAGAN and FERMENT.*

*Mrs. Fer.* My dear General, I have something very important to tell you. I don't like your daughter's intended husband ; and she don't like him—and you ought to consult her happiness.

*Gen.* Why, don't I consult it? Zounds, Madam, won't her house be besieged by all the fashion of London? Won't she be hated by all her female friends? Will she have a moment's peace or comfort? What the devil would a woman have ?

*Julia.* You don't love your daughter.

*Gen.* Better than any thing in the world, except my regiment.

*Mrs. Fer.* Then don't transfer her duty, where she can't serve with pleasure—unless the heart be a volunteer, mutiny and desertion will follow—consider a woman like a soldier.

*Gen.* I hope, Madam, you won't compare a woman to—

*Mrs. Fer.* Yes, Sir ; to the best grenadier in your van : for, like him, she is pretty sure to conquer.

*Gen.* Indeed ! Now, I think a woman is more like a soldier left in the rear.

*Mrs. Fer.* Ay ; why ?

*Gen.* Because he generally has a devilish deal of the baggage about him. Let them take that.  
(*To Ferment.*)

*Fer.* I say—she seems in a rare humour : suppose you speak to her now about her silence to me?

*Gen.* I will.

*Fer.* You promised, you know, to put an end to it for ever.

*Gen.* I'll do it in a minute for you, and make her own she's wrong.

*Fer.* Do, my dear cousin ; now's the time.

*Gen.* To be sure—Madam, I am going to ask a favour.

*Mrs. Fer.* Then, in other words, General, you are going to procure me a gratification.

*Gen.* (*To Ferment.*) You hear.—Madam, we have all our little foibles.

*Mrs. Fer.* If you allude to mine, pray call them faults.—Come ! what are they ? and how may I correct them ?

*Gen.* (*To Ferment.*) I told you how easy it was !

*Fer.* Thank you !—Thank you !—Now for it !

*Gen.* Why, then, Madam, my cousin complains of a certain reserve—you understand—a glum kind of a silence ; and when I consider that man is—a man, why, I own, I am at a loss for your reasons, and wait to hear them.—Now mind her answer. (*To Ferment.*)—And, as I said before, wait to hear them.—(*Pause—he confused.*)—You know we can argue the matter pleasantly.—(*Pause—he more confounded.*)—Because want of temper, in such a case, is—Eh !—(*Pause—he becomes irritated.*)—Upon my soul, Madam, I must say—(*She holds up her hands to stop him.*)—well, Madam—very well—I've done ; and now let's hear—(*She takes Julia's hand and curtseys.—They exeunt.*)

*Fer.* Well, you've settled it !

*Gen.* Eh ? (*abashed.*)

*Fer.* You've done it !

*Gen.* Yes, yes ; you see she had not a word to say for herself.

*Fer.* No, but you forgot to make her own she was wrong.

*Gen.* But silence gives consent, you know.

*Fer.* (*Sighing.*) 'Tis very pleasant!—Is not it?

*Gen.* Oh, 'tis the devil!—Curse it! 'tis as bad as fighting without a drum.

*Fer.* I'll forget her.

*Gen.* That's right!—And now we'll go to Lord Avondale's and I'll introduce you.

*Fer.* And forget her!—But, my dear cousin, every thing depends on the manner.—Now will you do it my way!—I have a plan.—I'll instruct you as we go along—and never think of her.

*Gen.* No, never.—

*Fer.* I tell you what— poor creature!—I pity her about you!

*Gen.* Yes, and what's more, I pity you.

*Fer.* No, no?

*Gen.* Yes, I do pity you, upon my soul!

*Fer.* No, no!

*Gen.* But I do, though. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Avondale Castle.*

*Enters Mrs. NICELY, followed by an old Man.*

*Mrs. Nicely.* Walk in, walk in.—Are you ill?

*Old Man.* Feeble!—very feeble!

*Mrs. Nicely.* And Unhappy?

*Old Man.* Ah, Madam!

*Mrs. Nicely.* Come, come; tell me who you are, and all about it.

*Old Man.* I was a tenant of Lord Avondale's father.

“*Mrs. Nicely.* I don't remember you; but that's no wonder—my memory is bad.

“*Old Man.* Alas! mine, too, is cruelly treacher-



“ous ; for sometimes, Madam, I foolishly stand  
 “knocking at my door, forgetting that I have nei-  
 “ther wife nor child to open it. And then, at  
 “meals, I often help them ; and when I find they  
 “are not there, you may suppose I cannot eat.  
 (*Weeps.*)

“*Mrs. Nicely.* Your wife, then, is dead?

“*Old Man.* Many years since ; but she left me  
 “a son!”

*Mrs. Nicely.* Well, that was a comfort!

*Old Man.* Ah, no! a profligate son, who put  
 thorns into my pillow, and wore furrows in my  
 cheeks! I neither expected nor hoped to survive  
 his shame, but Heaven willed it otherwise. I em-  
 ployed a gentleman of the law, who always falsely  
 flattered me he would obtain a remission of the  
 sentence my boy was condemned to suffer. The  
 expences I have, for years, vainly endeavoured to  
 pay, and now a prison opens to receive these aged  
 limbs.—But it matters not much where they lie!

*Mrs. Nicely.* But it does matter a great deal,  
 though.—To shelter age and infirmity is a sacred  
 duty, and woe be to them who neglect it!

*Old Man.* Having heard that Lord Avondale  
 has returned to this country, I have walked here,  
 in the hope he will pity an old man’s sorrows.—  
 Here is a paper, which will explain.

*Mrs. Nicely.* He shall have it.—Go into my  
 room, and take some thing to refresh you, and  
 come again to-morrow.

*Old Man.* I’m very troublesome.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Nonsense!—troublesome, indeed!  
 —come very often, I shall always be very glad to  
 see you, when it is not dirty.—Troublesome, in-  
 deed!

[*Exeunt Old Man and Mrs. Nicely.*]

*Enter Lord AVONDALE.*

*Lord Avon.* Within, there !

*(Enter PETER.)*

Find Frederick, and send him to me.

*Peter.* Yes, my Lord.—General Tarragan waits.

*Lord Avon.* Introduce him.

*Peter.* And Mr. Ferment.

*Lord Avon.* Who ?

*Peter.* The General is accompanied by Mr. Ferment, your Lordship's neighbour.

*Lord Avon.* Ferment !—ah, I recollect that gentleman's honourable intentions, and shall, of course, reward them.—Well, show them in here.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter General TARRAGAN and FERMENT.*

*Peter.* Gentlemen, his Lordship will wait on you immediately.

*Fer.* You mentioned my name.

*Peter.* Mr. Ferment.

*Fer.* That's right ; you're a fine fellow ! (*Exit Peter.*) Now, my dear General, are you perfect ?

*Gen.* Yes, yes !

*Fer.* But, consider, 'tis the most important event !—an epoch !—a crisis !—the very acme—

*Gen.* Well, I'll introduce you in your own words.

*Fer.* But do say them again—' My Lord, give me leave'—now do indulge me—I'm his Lordship—now begin—' My Lord, give—'

*Gen.* Well, well, be quiet.—' My Lord, give me leave to present you this—'

*Fer.* Bravo !

*Gen.* Bravo !—I thought it was gentleman !

*Fer.* To be sure !

*Gen.* Then don't put me out—'this gentleman, whose wishes, hopes, and ambition, centre in a zeal for your Lordship's service.'

*Fer.* Vastly well!—Now—'I doubt not, General, but his talents and virtues will command my esteem.'—That he'll say of course.

*Gen.* You think so.

*Fer.* Think so!—don't I know?—You only mind what you have to say yourself.—'Command my esteem.'—Now—

*Gen.* Be quiet!—'To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life.'

*Fer.* Very well!—"Then I receive him as my friend."

"*Gen.* In doing that, my Lord, you will confer on me an everlasting obligation."

*Fer.* Oh, thank you, my dear cousin!—(*embracing*)—Then I pour forth such a torrent of eloquence—the awful moment's at hand!—he comes! I'm all agitation! hope—

(*Enter Lord AVONDALE.*)

(*Prompting General*) My Lord, give me leave—

*Gen.* Damn it, be quiet!—My Lord, give me leave to present this—

*Fer.* Beautiful!

*Gen.* Beautiful gentleman!—no—this gentleman—don't put me out—whose wishes, hopes, and ambition, centre only in a zeal for your Lordship's service.—(*The General only attending to what he is to say next.*)—

*Lord Avon.* I already know the object of his zeal; it is to insinuate himself into my confidence, most honourably to worm into my secrets.

*Gen.* To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life.

*Lord Avon.* Indeed! Then, General, with your

permission, I shall order a servant to show him the door.

*Gen.* In doing that, my Lord, you will confer on me an everlasting obligation.

[*Exit Lord Avondale.*

(*Ferment in agonies.*) Perfect to a letter!—there, I've done for you!

*Fer.* Yes, you've done for me!

*Gen.* Well, I seldom praise myself; but if that was not what it ought to be—What! is his Lordship gone?

*Fer.* Gone!—Zounds! did not you hear what he said?

*Gen.* No, not I; you told me not to mind.—What, wrong again? eh, Ferment!

*Fer.* Blockhead! to trust to such an old—If you know as little about war—(*Walks about irritated.*)

*Gen.* What's that you say? (*Following him.*)

*Fer.* Sir, I'll say what I please.—I'm roused, and would advise you to be careful.

*Gen.* Oh, I can take a hint!

*Fer.* What! do you talk to me of hints?—any thing to say to me—speak out like a man.

*Gen.* Will you fight?

*Fer.* No, Sir, I won't!—Damn it, I'll show a proper spirit here.

*Gen.* Do you see this cane?

*Fer.* That for your cane. (*Snapping his fingers.*) Don't think you have one of those to deal with who, because they have not manly fortitude enough to bear a few knocks, run into Hyde Park—load pistols—fire in the air—shake hands.—Pretty courage!—No, no!

*Gen.* (*Indignantly.*) Sir, I ask your pardon.

*Fer.* Sir, I'm satisfied. (*Grasping his hand.*)

*Gen.* But, zounds!—

*Fer.* Sir, I won't hear another word!--You have asked my pardon—pity nobody hears—you have asked my pardon, and there's an end.—Do you suppose I want you to go on your knees!

*Enter PETER, who whispers General.*

*Gen.* Immediately!--Oh, very well?

*Fer.* Duelling, indeed!--Pshaw.

*Gen.* Why, true;—'tis but poor, shabby work—a mere snack: but in glorious war—damme! there's cut and come again!--Good bye, Ferment.—I say, 'My Lord, give me leave'—Oh, you're a beautiful gentleman!----Ha! ha! [*Exit Gen.*

*Fer.* Oh, I could cry!--(*sits down*)—Pretty figure I shall make when I go home! (*Peter bows*) What's the matter with you? What are you bobbing your head at me for—Eh?

*Peter.* I wait your commands, Sir.

*Fer.* I've no commands for you, my honest fellow!

*Peter.* Yes, Sir, you certainly have. (*Bows, and points to the door.*)

*Fer.* Have I?—(*rises*)—Your name's Thomas?

*Peter.* No, Sir, Peter.

*Fer.* Ah, Peter! you never come to see my Timothy, Peter!

*Peter.* No, Sir, I never intrude. (*Pointing to the door.*)

*Fer.* Don't you, Peter!

*Peter.* A pleasant walk to you! (*Pointing.*)

*Fer.* Thank you, Peter.—Lived long here?

*Peter.* Yes, Sir, and hope to live here much longer.

*Fer.* I don't wonder at it, Peter.

*Peter.* A good morning, Sir.

*Fer.* A last look!--Oh!--

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord AVONDALE and General TARRAGAN.*

*Lord Avon.* Not see me ?

*Gen.* No, my Lord.

*Lord Avon.* Not trust the papers and evidences in my possession ?

*Gen.* No.—I don't understand it.

*Lord Avon.* What do they contain ?

*Gen.* Why, as she tells me, certificates of marriage and baptism, letters, jewels—in short, as complete a chain of evidence as justice could desire.

*Lord Avon.* I rejoice to hear it.—Distraction ! —Where are these papers ?

*Gen.* I can't say.—I suppose in Ferment's custody.

*Lord Avon.* Ah!—Within, there ! (*Enter Peter.*) Run, directly, and tell that gentleman to return. [*Exit Peter.*

General, I'll follow you. I fear I was rather harsh to your friend.

*Gen.* Why, he's harmless : and if he did not pretend to see twice as far as other folks, he might have credit for seeing half as far.—Ha!—ha!—A mere blank cartridge, my Lord ; makes a bit of a bounce and a sputter, and ends in smoke. [*Exit.*

*Enter FERMENT, abashed.*

*Lord Avon.* Sir, I ask pardon for giving you the trouble of returning.

*Fer.* Oh! no trouble, my Lord : I had only got to the other side of the door.

*Lord Avon.* Give me your hand, Sir.

*Fer.* (*running up to him.*) Oh, my Lord.

*Lord Avon.* Grant me your pardon, and allow me a place in your esteem.

*Fer.* My Lord, you—you overpower me.

*Lord Avon.* The fatigue of business, the many cares that press on me, teaze and—

*Fer.* To be sure—I know—papers to read—all those drawers full, I dare say.—Oh, I wish I was up to the elbows among them!

*Lord Avon.* I understand, Sir, Mrs. St. Clair has intrusted to you certain documents.

*Fer.* In my house, my Lord, but not in my custody.—And leave me alone to expose to the whole world the villain who has basely deserted his wife and child.

*Lord Avon.* Rascal! (*Apart.*)

*Fer.* Oh, I'm getting on here surprisingly.

(*Apart.*)

*Lord Avon.* (*Apart.*) I must know where they are concealed—I never had the pleasure of seeing your villa—if a visit would not be deemed impertinent——

*Fer.* Impertinent!—My dear Lord, the honour that—I'll go and prepare. (*Going.*)

*Lord Avon.* No, no, we must not part.—You must dine with me.

*Fer.* Dine!—My boy you have done it (*Exultingly.*)

*Lord Avon.* (*To servant.*) Go to Mr. Ferment's—say he dines with me.

*Fer.* (*Affectedly.*) Yes, say I dine with his Lordship; and they must do without me as well as they can. And tell my wife, if she has any thing to say—why, she must wait till I come home.

*Lord Avon.* Come sir. (*Offering his hand.*)

*Fer.* Oh, my Lord!—Peter, you see how it is;

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of a Cottage—Table, and Candle burning on it.—Old Man seated, his Handkerchief to his Eyes—Two Bailiffs standing near him.*

*Bail.* Come, come, Sir, we shall be late.

*Old Man.* (*Rising.*) I am ready. But your employer might have given me a little more time. I had presented a petition to a nobleman, and perhaps, in a day or two—Well, well, now to a prison.—'Tis hard!

*Bail.* Why, master, our business, at best, is not a very pleasant one; but if we had to answer for those we deal with, none but a devil would be a bailiff.

*Old Man.* Reach me my hat, and let me take something to comfort me. (*Opens a drawer, and takes out a book.*)

*Bail.* Aye, we'll take a drop of that with you—What! a book?

*Old Man.* Yes, of devotion! And had your employer tasted of its spirit, he would have turned the cup of bitterness from the lips of the afflicted.

*Bail.* Why, that may be; but remember, old gentleman, that for one unfeeling creditor, we get hold of a hundred hard-hearted debtors, who, to have twenty dishes on their own table, will prevent twenty honest men from having one upon theirs.

*Old Man.* Aye, that's true!—that's very true!—It grows late—I cannot walk very fast.

*Bail.* Then the sooner we set out the better.

*Old Man.* I'll do my best.

*Bail.* Come, we'll help you.

*Fred.* (*Without.*) Hollo!

*Bail.* Come in.



(Enter FREDERICK.)

*Fred.* Good people, I have mistaken my way. Pray inform me which road leads to the castle?

*Bail.* Why, if you mean York castle, we can show you, for we are going there.

*Fred.* To a prison!—Are you, Sir, in the custody of these men?

*Old Man.* Alas!

*Fred.* Good Heaven!

*Bail.* Why, is it so very singular that an old man, past work, should be behindhand in the world?

*Fred.* No, but I hope 'tis singular that he should suffer for it.—To prison, but not to-night. (*Bailiff shakes his head.*) Defer his fate but till the morning—on my word, I'll return.

*Bail.* Young gentleman, we must do our duty, and words won't do.—If you choose to pay fifty pounds, indeed—

*Fred.* Alas! I have not—ah, this purse!—for what was it intended?—to allow a lady to breathe the air more commodiously—if applied here it may prevent age and infirmity from perishing in a dungeon's noxious vapour:—'tis not mine; but will not Julia thank me? and will not my industry soon supply it?—How have you incurred this debt?

*Old Man.* In endeavouring to restore a lost son to his fond father's arms.

*Fred.* Ah, in the sacred cause of paternal love!—here, take the money! and with it take the thanks of him whose cheek was ne'er bedew'd by a father's precious tear.—(*Weeps*)—Come, your demand?

*Bail.* Nay, your honour! we do but obey orders; but if the gentleman can pay, why, Lawyer

Claw desired us to be quite civil ;—and so as there's plenty of money—why, another time—*(Frederick gives money)*—Thank you, Sir.—  
—Good night, old gentleman ; and I hope, for your sake, that we may never meet again.

[*Exit Bailiffs.*]

*Old Man.* Surely this was sent by an an angel !

*Fred.* It was indeed !—An angel who will smile on her minister, when, to her pitying ear, he tells the story.

*Tyke. (Without.)* Aye, a comely kind of lad.

*Bail. (Without.)* Why, there's such a one in that cottage.

*Enter TYKE, running.*

*Tyke.* Aye, there he is, sure enough !—I say, young fellow, run off 'tid castle as fast as you can.—His Lordship's quite in a taking—all the servants after you.

*Fred.* Which road ?

*Tyke.* To the right.---Come, be sharp!---be sharp !

*Fred.* Farewel ! *(taking old man's hand)* ; and doubt not but Heaven has in store a blessing to reward thy virtues !---Come, come, be of good cheer.—I'll see you soon again. [*Exit.*]

*Old Man.* Pray, Sir, who is that generous youth ?

*Tyke.* -Why, he's a kind of foreman like, to Lord Avondale—my friend.

*Old Man.* Are you a friend of that worthy nobleman ?

*Tyke.* Yes---between ourselves---I have him under my thumb ;--but I say that our confidence you understand.---That's a smartish purse you've got there ; but, I tell you what, I don't think it is very safe, just now.

*Old Man.* Indeed, Sir !---You alarm me !

*Tyke.* I tell you what---I'll take care of this for you. (*Takes the purse.*)

*Old Man.* Well, Sir, you are very kind.--You live at the castle?

*Tyke.* Yes, yes!

*Old Man.* Then, perhaps, you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship---my name is\_\_\_\_\_

*Tyke.* --Well, well, let's hear your name.

*Old Man.* Robert Tyke!

*Tyke.* Eh!---what!---speak!---no, don't!

*Old Man.* Robert Tyke!

*Tyke.* (*Trembling violently, rushes to the table, brings down the candle, looks at the old man, dashes candle and purse on the ground, and tears his hair in agony.*) Oh villain! villain!

*Old Man.* What's the matter?

*Tyke.* Don't you know me?

*Old Man.* No, Sir.

*Tyke.* I'm glad on't!---I'm glad on't!---Ruin my own father!

*Old Man.* Ah! did I hear rightly?---Father!---What!---Oh! let me see---let me see! (*Tyke, with a countenance strongly impressed with shame and horror, turns round.*) Ah! it is my son!--my long lost, dear, profligate, boy! Heaven be thanked! Heaven be thanked!

*Tyke.* (*Groaning, strikes his breast.*) Oh! burst, burst, and ease me! Eh!--but he's alive---father's alive!--Ha, ha! (*laughs hysterically.*)

*Old Man.* You terrify me, Robert, Robert, hear me!--Take my forgiveness---take my blessing!

*Tyke.* What!--forgive---ble ss---such a rogue as---(*bursts into a flood of tears.*)

*Old Man.* Be composed.

*Tyke.* Let me cry; it does me good, father---it does me good.

*Old Man.* Oh ! if there be holy' water, it surely is the sinner's tears.

*Tyke.* But he's alive ! (*rushes into his arms.*)

*Old Man.* Aye ! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal—and Heaven will pardon thee !

*Tyke.* No don't say that, father, because it can't.

*Old Man.* It is all merciful.

*Tyke.* Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could—but not me !—No, no !

*Old Man.* Kneel down and ask its mercy.

*Tyke.* I dare—father—I dare not !—Oh, if I durst but just thank it for thy life !

*Old Man.* Angels will sing for joy.

*Tyke.* What, may I, think you ?—may I—may I ? (*By degrees he tremblingly falls on his knees, claps his hands in energetic devotion.—The curtain falls.*)

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enter FERMENT, followed by TIMOTHY.*

*Ferment.*

WHAT does your mistress say?

*Tim.* Why I suppose she'll obey your commands, Sir.

*Fer.* Yes, I know—she said she would come directly.

*Tim.* No, not quite, Sir.

*Fer.* What did she say?

*Tim.* Why she said plump she would not.

*Fer.* Confusion!

*Tim.* (*Apart.*) Yes; there's plenty of that in this house.

*Fer.* But, yet, I'll condescend to introduce her to Avondale Castle. Yes, yes, I'll take her under my wing, poor woman!—Timothy, go and prepare the sociable.

*Tim.* The sociable!—for whom, Sir?

*Fer.* For my wife and myself.

*Tim.* What! together in a sociable! What that's so comfortable! Ecod! it shall be ready in a minute. [*Exit.*]

*Fer.* But 'tis devilish hard to come home in triumph, overflowing with exultation, and no one to partake in my joy—not a word of congratulation—

(Enter SHELAH.)

How do you do? how do you do?

*Shelah.* Oh! thank you, Sir—I hope your honour is well.

*Fer.* Now, she'll talk to me!—What, you've been pulling a poesy—

*Shelah.* For my dear mistress, Sir. But, oh! she's unhappy; and in that case, as I have read in an Irish poetry book,—the perfume of flowers will not please the eye—the peaceful silence of evening does not charm the ear—nor heavenly dreams refresh the mind, which cannot take repose.

*Fer.* Pray, my dear, did you meet my wife?

*Shelah.* No, Sir.—Oh, what a happy man you are!----

*Fer.* Am I?

*Shelah.* To have a wife so handsome, and such a sweet spoken lady.

*Fer.* Is she?

*Shelah.* Oh! to hear her talk is delightful!----

*Fer.* Delightful, is it?---Indeed!---Now would not this drive a man mad? (*Throws himself into a chair.*)

*Shelah.* Any thing the matter?---Are you ill, Sir? Can I offer any consolation?

*Fer.* Eh! what? Can you offer consolation?---(*Jumps up.*)---Egad I've hit it!---Suppose I try to make my wife jealous?---'Tis a brilliant thought, and here's a very pretty subject!---If that won't untie her tongue, the devil's in't.---'Tis a monstrous fine thought!---What shall I say, tho'?—I—I---you---you---we---we---eh!

*Shelah.* What's the matter? Are you dying?

*Fer.* I am---with love for you, my darling!

*Shelah.* (*Alarmed.*) Sir!

*Fer.* You are a divine creature, and I am a man

of honour and secrecy. Don't be terrified, my little trembler!

*Shelah.* And is it yourself would take advantage of a poor weak girl? (*She pushes him from her with great force: he falls into a chair.*) Oh! oh! (*She weeps.*)

*Fer.* Zounds! (*recovering*) don't weep, my angel: behold me at your feet!

*Shelah.* And is it that you want your throat cut by my little brother Samson, that you dare insult? Rise, Sir! (*Jerks him up violently.*)

*Fer.* Zounds! no!—(*rubbing his shoulder.*) Hush! Damn it, 'tis all a fetch. 'Tis only to make my wife jealous!—Don't howl so.—I'll explain.—I wish to take advantage of your weakness! (*rubbing his shoulder.*) Oh Lord! not I.—Here comes my wife.—Now, do humour the thought, that's a good soul! and, if I should offer to kiss you, now don't knock me down, that's a dear little girl! (*He gallants in dumb show.*)

*Enter Mrs. FERMENT.*

*Mrs. Fer.* Heavens! what do I see?—Sir!

*Fer.* Madam!

*Mrs. Fer.* Am I thus insulted?—

*Fer.* Silence!

*Mrs. Fer.* Sir, I shall not be silent; and I say—

*Fer.* I know what you would say—you would say your love is wounded—but I say I don't care that for your love.—

*Mrs. Fer.* This usage—

*Fer.* Is not to be bone, you say; but I say, you must bear much more.

*Mrs. Fer.* What! won't you hear me?

*Fer.* No, Ma'am. You are always chattering; and you know I despise the paltry prattle of the sex, so let me have mute obedience.—

*Mrs. Fer.* Inhuman! was ever woman so insulted?

*Fer.* (*Apart.*) Charming!

*Mrs. Fer.* I, that have made your real happiness the study of my life—

*Fer.* Delightful!

*Mrs. Fer.* I, that have had that confidence in your love, that nothing but the evidence of my senses—Cruel man! have I deserved this?—ho!—(*Weeps.*)

*Fer.* It will do, it will do!

*Mrs. Fer.* (*Overhears him; turns to Shelah, who explains in dumb show, and exit*) Is it so?

*Fer.* Well, I hope you have done with your silly idle complainings? (*Pause.*)—Hold your tongue, Madam! (*Pause.*)—Why don't you hold your tongue? (*Pause.*)—Not but what I would condescend to hear what you complain of—justice demands that—but don't be tedious. (*Pause.*)—Damme but she's dumb again!—Dry your tears, my darling Fanny, and I'll convince you that my love is still—

*Mrs. Fer.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fer.* What do you laugh at, Madam? I'll give you a hundred pounds to tell me what you laugh at. I'll—I've done with you: and if ever I open these lips to you again, may all the—

*Mrs. Fer.* George!

*Fer.* Oh! that voice—how it soothes!—my love!

*Mrs. Fer.* Go!

*Fer.* Go! go where? what do you mean by go? (*Pause.*)—Yes, I will go to the world's end. (*Going, returns.*)—No, I won't go. (*Sits down.*)—And now I should like to hear what you can say. (*She retires.*)—What, then, you'll go?—very well, Madam!—good bye to you!—won't you



say good bye? (*Exit Mrs. Ferment.*)—Won't you say—you won't say good bye? (*Bawling after her.*)—Furies! Devils! Let discord reign for ever! Oh!—

*Enter* TIMOTHY.

*Tim.* The sociable's ready, Sir.

*Fer.* Stand out of my way, you rascal! or I'll—  
[*Exit, driving off Timothy.*]

SCENE II.—*The Pavilion.*

*Enter* SHELAH *with caution: she looks about.*

*Shelah.* Madam, you may approach; there is no one here.

*Enter* Mrs. ST. CLAIR.

*Mrs. St Clair.* Ah, do I again behold the place which gave me birth; where I fondly gamboled round my parents' knees?—Oh! could their kind hearts have known the sorrows their child was doomed to suffer!—Alas! how changed! For the lowly cottage, I see the gaudy palace! 'Stead of the modest woodbine, tangling its ligaments in the humble thatch, and giving sweetness to the breath of nature—behold the proud exotic, in sullen majesty shedding its feverish perfume!—just emblem of its imperious master!

*Shelah.* Imperious! Give him his true title—a villain.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* No, no.

*Shelah.* What! is he not going to be married again?

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Nay,—you know he thinks me

dead.—Ah! what do I see?—that cabinet!—it was mine—it contained—Are we observed?

*Shelah.* No, dear lady.

*Mrs. St. Clair.* If I am right, the secret spring will unfold—*(touching it, the doors open, and discovers a portrait of Mrs. St. Clair in a Spanish habit, her right hand pointing to the ring on her left.)*

*Shelah.* Sure, and 'tis your own sweet self!—and in the dress you have with such care preserved!

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Yes; the better to conceal our marriage, I assumed the dress of the country.—Oh, memory! thou torturer of the wretched! why dost thou whisper to this aching heart—that I was then a happy mother and a wife? Now—yet some consolation steals into my breast—perhaps he has raised this to my memory—perhaps he sometimes sits here alone, and to my wrongs pays the tribute of a repenting tear:—but then my little cherub—my darling boy—torn from my breast—abandoned—lost!—can a mother pardon that?—no, never, never.—Yet I'll save him from a further crime!—but how?—Ah, that dress!—it shall be so!—Yes: at an awful moment he shall again behold an injured wife—shall hear a mother's moans—then see me leave him, and the world, for ever.

*Shelah.* Oh, then, dear lady, take me with you!

*Mrs. St. Clair.* Ah! we're surprised!—I hear footsteps—

*Shelah.* *(Runs and closes the cabinet.)* Don't be alarmed. This way—this way. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord AVONDALE, followed by M<sup>s</sup>. NICELY, leaving a small box.*

*Lord Avon.* Set it down. I hope the weight has not fatigued you?

*Mrs. Nicely.* No, no, 'tis not heavy; and when the heart's light the body's nimble, be it ever so old—ha, ha!

*Lord Avon.* I am glad to see you so merry.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Ah! a clean house and a clean conscience will make any one merry.

*Lord Avon.* Heigh ho!—I have not forgot the petition.

*Mrs. Nicely.* Oh, my Lord, 'tis all settled.—Mr. Frederick, Heaven ble's him! saved the old man—he has gained the love of every body.

*Lord Avon.* I rejoice to hear it.—

*Mrs. Nicely.* Indeed!—but I fancy you won't be glad to hear that he has gained the love of one who—

*Lord Avon.* What mean you?

*Mrs. Nicely.* Why, if I know what eyes say, Miss Julia and he—

*Lord Avon.* Ah!

*Mrs. Nicely.* They just look as you and poor Emily used to do.—

*Lord Avon.* Oh, spare me! spare me! (*a knocking at the door.*)—See who is there. (*Mrs. Nicely goes out and returns.*)

*Mrs. Nicely.* 'Tis the young man who comes here by your appointment. [Exit.

*Lord Avon.* Shew him in.—'Tis plain I am suspected!—And shall the name of Avondale become the sport of foes—the jest of fools?—No, no!—It is determined!—These evidences of my shame must, shall be mine!—Now to my purpose! (*He unlocks the box and takes out a cloak, a mask, and pistol. On hearing some one approach, he covers the pistol with the cloak.*)—This fellow will be a fit instrument to effect it.

(Enter TYKE.)

(Beckons Tyke to approach—turning round is surprised at his appearance, which is changed into a plain but very neat dress.)—Astonishing! can this be the man?

*Tyke.* No, it is not;—I be quite another man to day—ha! ha!

*Lord Avon.* Why do you laugh?

*Tyke.* Why I laugh, my Lord, because I've been crying. Ha! ha! I say, I've found old man—father's alive—he! he! and, do you know, he says positive sure Heaven will forgive me; and I declare, I somehow feel so warm and comfortable, that, between you and me, I should not at all wonder, if it had already.

*Lord Avon.* You thought your father dead?

*Tyke.* Yes, and he thought so himself, poor man! but it was really what you gentry call a fine—a finenomenun—You understand, that the ironmonger who made tackle for our legs picked father up, got life into him again, and took him up to Lunnon, and just advertised in News the *antedote* about his case; and, would you believe it! next morning fine ladies in their own coaches came tid' old man, we' tears in their pratty eyes, and banknotes in their pratty hands to a matter of forty pound—Now I've just one commentation to mak on this matter:—I've seen your player show folks, and such-like wiggeling and waggeling, and chattering about London pride, and London profligation, and what not—Now I think, if one of them was just to set about talking a little of London kindheartedness and London charity, it would be rather more truerer, and quite as becoming.

*Lord Avon.* Tell me, knows he aught of that boy?

*Tyke.* What! your son?—no, never could hear a word about him—Ah! could we but make him out now, then mayhap your Lordship would try your hand at a bit of a laugh:—let me once see him—P'll find him out directly.

*Lord Avon.* Ah!

*Tyke.* That is, if I know 'tis him---you understand.

*Lord Avon.* Pshaw!

*Tyke.* Because I put a mark upon him.

*Lord Avon.* Indeed!

*Tyke.* Oh yes, I managed it right enough.

*Lord Avon.* Explain.

*Tyke.* Why, you know, before you were a Lord, your name was Mr. Philip; so I got some gunpowder and marked P on his neck, because P stands for Philip---yes yes---it struck me as proper.

*Lord Avon.* Come hither, Robert,—I sent for you to—(*looks at the cloak*)—to tell you—that—that you possess my regard—

*Tyke.* Thank you, my Lord.

*Lord Avon.* And may command my patronage and protection.

*Tyke.* And you mine—quite mutual, I assure you.

*Lord Avon.* You can confer on me happiness.

*Tyke.* Why no, sure.

*Lord Avon.* By putting me in possession of certain evidences, you can save me from ruin.

*Tyke.* What! can I tho'?—P'll go through water or fire, or any thing—Come, let's begin—How—where?

*Lord Avon.* Look under that cloak—it will explain the means.

*Tyke.* I will—he! he!—I declare I'm as happy as—(*lifts up the cloak, sees a pistol and mask, then trembling drops the cloak.*)

*Lord Avon.* (*catching his hand.*) You know the use of those?

*Tyke.* I do.

*Lord Avon.* You must employ them.

*Tyke.* Hush! (*still trembling.*)

*Lord Avon.* What alarms you?

*Tyke.* Hush!

*Lord Avon.* No one hears?

*Tyke.* Yes, there does.

*Lord Avon.* Impossible!

*Tyke.* There does, I tell you—there does.

*Lord Avon.* Ah! how! where?—(*Tyke, shuddering, points up to heaven*)—Damnation!—baffled—trod on by this wretch!—and must I stoop to dissemble?—Robert, I am satisfied.

*Tyke.* I wish I was.

*Lord Avon.* 'Twas but to try your virtue.

*Tyke.* Was not it, tho'?—well, I hope that's true; but it flustered me sadly—I declare, I'm all of a dother now.

*Lord Avon.* But, swear to me—

*Tyke.* No, I'll never swear no more.

*Lord Avon.* True, 'tis unnecessary—Here, take this purse, good fellow.

*Tyke.* Eh! no, no.

*Lord Avon.* For the friendship I bear you.

*Tyke.* Yes, I understand; only, you see—you'll excuse me.

*Lord Avon.* Do you scorn my bounty?

*Tyke.* By no means, only it won't do—no more purses.

*Lord Avon.* For your father's sake—

*Tyke.* Yes, yes, I'm sensible about all that—but as to father, you see, I happen to have a couple of hands at his service—I'm much obliged—only I've grown a little cute and knowing lately.

*Lord Avon.* And would I again plunge his soul in guilt!—Oh! villain, villain!

*Tyke.* Did you speak to me?—Oh—taking of yourself—yes, yes—Why, I'll tell you a bit of secret, my Lord: I've found out that the honestest are the cunningest chaps—Why, there is father now—he's a deep one—do you know, he can lay his head on his pillow, and think of dying we' a smile—I say he mum have kept a pratty sharp look out as to what's right like—must not he?

*Lord Avon.* Leave me.

*Tyke.* I will—I say, my Lord, he! he! I is going tid' plough this afternoon, to earn a supper for old man—ha, ha!—(*snapping his fingers*)—Do your Lordship's heart good to come and see I work—(*rubbing his hands exultingly.*)

*Lord Avon.* Leave me, I say!

*Tyke.* We' pleasure—Ah! I see how it is—Excuse the liberty I take we' your poor soul—but if you would but be persuaded to fall a crying, and be comfortable—

*Lord Avon.* Instantly begone!

*Tyke.* I will.—Shall I send old man to you?—Oh, he's a capital hand at your deplorable case.—

[*Exit.*

*Tyke.* (*without.*) Yes, yes: you'll find his Lordship in that room.

*Enter FREDERICK.*

*Lord Avon.* Ah, Frederick, speak—ease this agonized breast! this tortured brain!—what hast thou heard?

*Fred.* All access to the lady, or the evidence she possesses, is impossible.

*Lord Avon.* Be it so. Frederick—I love—I envy—I fear thee.

*Fred.* My dear Lord!—fear him who would sacrifice his life?

*Lord Avon.* Thy life!—would'st thou?

*Fred.* Put my firmness to the proof.

*Lord Avon.* I shall do so.—Mark me—In early life—blest years of innocence!—I loved a sweet and virtuous girl, but lowly born—come and behold her—(*opens the cabinet.*)—Ill-fated Emily! oh, could I recall that guilty hour—

*Fred.* With what melancholy sweetness she points to the pledge of virtuous love.

*Lord Avon.* Yes, to avoid a parent's anger, we were privately married.—I went abroad, in the suit of an ambassador; and she imprudently followed me. She lived in profound retirement—I could seldom see her; but her regret at my absence was softened by the endearments of our infant son.

*Fred.* Have you a son?

*Lord Avon.* I had—oh, do not torture, but hear me! Shortly after the ambassador died, and was thought worthy of the splendid appointment. From that moment ambition took full possession of my soul, and my bouyant fancy twined round my brow the proudest honours a subject can enjoy; but this secret—this degrading marriage—crushed each aspiring thought.

*Fred.* But surely, the affection of a virtuous woman would compensate—

*Lord Avon.* That was prevented: for my wife was secretly, but falsely, accused of practices against the religion of the country.

*Fred.* How I envy you the proud joy of asserting her innocence, and affording her the protecting arm of the husband she loved!

*Lord Avon.* I rue: but—

*Fred.* Did you not so?

*Lord Avon.* No;—it might have injured my fortunes at home.



*Fred.* What!—a virtuous wife injure the fortunes of a British statesman?—You know, my Lord, it is not so; you know you libel your august patron.—Did you discover the secret villain who accused her?

*Lord Avon.* Villain!

*Fred.* Was he not a damned one?

*Lord Avon.* He was.—Oh, Frederick! avert that face, lest the indignant lightning of thy eye blast me!—I was that villain!

*Fred.* You freeze my blood!—The man that I have worshipped—that my very soul is bound to—

*Lord Avon.* My innocent wife was secretly immured in a convent, and the news shortly reached me—that she was no more.

*Fred.* It cannot be! Oh, tell me so!—My noble patron is the nurse of merit, the scourge of baseness; the good man's hope, the villain's fear; the great man's envy, and the poor man's friend.

*Lord Avon.* Thou tortur'st me, for such I might have been:—but now view me, in all my horrors—behold the selfish patriot, the abject hypocrite, the savage father, and the murdering husband.

*Fred.* Oh, ambition!

*Lord Avon.* Aye, it was my god: for that I suffered this lovely flower to wither in a cloister's gloom; for damned ambition I tore my infant from it's mother's panting breast, and he is lost—lost for ever! But mark:—Heaven, who is as watchful to lay bare the villain's breast as it is to shelter that of innocence, has, as from the grave, raised up evidence of my shame; I know where they are concealed—they must instantly be mine.

*Fred.* But how?

*Lord Avon.* By theft.

*Fred.* Forbid it, Heaven!

*Lord Avon.* Think'st thou I would live to hear my name coupled with dishonour, or behold myself (as inquisitors treat their victims) drest out in hellish shapes, and thus exposed to public mockery and scorn?—no, no—(*seizes the pistol and mask.*)

*Fred.* Ah!

*Lord Avon.* Frederick, didst thou not say thou would'st sacrifice thy life?

*Fred.* Aye, my life, but not my honour:—to save you, pluck out this heart—but its last pulse shall throb with virtue.

*Lord Avon.* Thou dost refuse?

*Fred.* It is impossible—no wretch can be found—

*Lord Avon.* Yes, there is one I am sure of.

*Fred.* Ah, who?

*Lord Avon.* Avondale!—Tell me, is he not a villain fitted to my purpose? (*snatches up the cloak.*) Farewel! should we meet no more—and if my aim fail, will be so—thou wilt find that in my death I have not forgot thee. (*Is strongly affected.*)—Pardon, good, dear youth, the trial to which I put thy virtue:—on my soul, I am glad that it sustained it. (*Weeps.*)

*Fred.* Ah, tears! obey their sacred impulse. Plunge not your soul in horrors. Thus I'll cling to you—thus save you from a damning deed. (*Kneels.*)

*Lord Avon.* Frederick, beware! (*Presents the pistol to him.*)—Thou art the only soul on earth I love: but thee, even thee, would I roll at my feet a corpse didst thou check my purpose.—Do not pull more murders on my head.—'Tis in vain—farewell! (*Breaks from him and rushes out.*)

*Fred.* Father of mercies, pity and pardon! — (*Follows him.*)

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An enclosed Apartment with two Doors, and a Flight of Steps as leading to a turret. FREDERICK descends.*

*Frederick.*

NOT returned!—I've watched from the turret, which commands the road, till my strained eye-balls refuse their office.—This agony of doubt is dreadful—but must soon be changed to more awful certainty:—should he succeed, each hour of life will accumulate sorrows on his head—should he fail, then my loved, my kind benefactor, is dead.—Hark! sure, I heard a confused noise—again!—(*a pistol is fired.*)—O Heaven! he is no more—(*A noise is made at the door, it opens, Lord Avondale rushes in, and takes off his mask.*)

*Fred.* Ah, he lives!

*Lord Avon.* Behold—they're mine—(*shewing casket and papers.*)

*Fred.* I heard the report of a pistol.

*Lord Avon.* It was levelled at one who pursued me. Let me but plunge these in eternal night—then fate I defy—(*Ferment without*) Follow, follow—this way!

*Lord Avon.* Ah! I'm pursued.

*Fer.* Hush! here we may avoid—ah! this door beset?

*Lord Avon.* Then escape is impossible—and, bereft of the means of death! O Frederick! if

thou lovest me, take this faithless weapon, nerve thy young arm, and in mercy dash out this maddening brain.

*General Tarragan without.*) We have him, sure enough.

*Lord Avon.* Dost thou hear? Wilt thou behold me dragged forth a criminal?

*Fred.* Distracting thought!—how—where? Oh that my life could save you!—My life—Ah!—It shall be so.—

*Lord Avon.* What dost thou mean.

*Fred.* Give me this weapon—this mask.

*Lord Avon.* Frederick, what would'st thou?—

*Fred.* (*Rushing into his arms.*) Save my benefactor.—I cannot sin, but I can suffer for you.

*Gen.* (*without.*) Force the door.

*Lord Avon.* Think me not so damned—

*Fred.* There is no time for words—fly to the turret.—I being found, all search will cease.

*Lord Avon.* Thou shalt not suffer, by Heaven!

*Fred.* No, no; fear not, I will escape—a moment more and all is lost: they force the door—away, away!—(*Lord Avendale retreats to the turret—Frederick puts on cloak and mask—the door is forced—General TARRAGAN, FERMENT, and a number of Servants rush in.*)

*Gen.* Ah, there he stands!—unmask the villain.

*Fer.* I'll do that. (*Going up to Frederick he shews the pistol—Ferment retreats—Frederick then takes off the mask.*)

*All.* Frederick!

*Gen.* What!—no!—it can't be!—let me see him, only let me see him!—(*wiping his eyes*)—Villain, viper, hypocrite!—S'death! what am I about?—I that have lighted the mine that was to blow up hundreds of innocent souls—and now to

snivel at a—but they are red-hot drops of fury, damme! I shall be choaked instead of him—seize him! Where's his Lordship?

*Fer.* I'll find him directly.—I know I shall succeed to the situation he has dishonoured—that's all the comfort I can afford; and if he wants more, let him look for it in his own breast. *[Exit.]*

*Fred.* (*Apart.*) I will look there.

*Gen.* You have disgraced the charity that fostered you—your example may palsy the warm hand of benevolence, and many an innocent may suffer for your crime.

*Fred.* Oh!

*Julia.* (*without.*) What do I hear! I'll not believe it.

*Fred.* Julia's voice!—Oh, save me from this—lead me to my prison.

*Gen.* Hold!—

*Enter JULIA.*

*Julia.* O Frederick! then it is so—father, support me!

*Gen.* Look at this girl—the daughter of General Tarragan—more—the heiress to a princely fortune—nay, more—the darling child of an honest man.—I don't cry you rascal! now, do I?—she, yes, she confessed she loved you.

*Fred.* Oh, brain! brain! brain!

*Gen.* Recover, and hear more.—I, like a fond father—no, like a damned old rascal—was about to ask Lord Avondale's consent to your union. Now, away with him!

*Fred.* Hold off one moment—(*he breaks from them and falls at Julia's feet*)—Angel of pity, through whose cherub lips the breath of hatred never yet found way—oh, do not curse me!

*Julia.* Say, then, you are innocent.

*Fred.* I am.

*Julia.* Innocent?

*Fred.* Oh, most unfortunate.

*Gen.* Away with him, I say!

*Fred.* Stand off!—Julia mine—that heaven within my reach. Instant conduct me to—

*Julia.* Where?—speak, speak, Frederick—where?

*Fred.* To—(after a struggle which overpowers him)—to my prison—(he falls exhausted in the attendants' arms, they bear him off.)

*Gen.* Zounds! I'm as hot as—I'm a portable furnace:—but where is his lordship; you shall be his instantly: I won't eat—I won't sleep—till you are Lady Avondale.

*Julia.* My happiness is gone forever.

*Gen.* No, it is not—you shall be happy—you shall be a happy bride.—Fly, rascals! find Lord Avondale. (*Exeunt Servants.*) Come along, you shall be this day a happy, happy bride.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Lord AVONDALE followed by TYKE.*

*Lord Avon.* My good fellow—

*Tyke.* Bless me, my Lord, what can be the matter!

*Lord Avon.* I am distracted.

*Tyke.* Oh, now I understand—he's going to be married, poor man; and, of course, in a taking about it—why, that's all natural enough.

*Lord Avon.* Hear me—Frederick has been detected—

*Tyke.* Detected!

*Lord Avon.* In the commission of a robbery.

*Tyke.* What! that mask—that pistol!—(*shaking his head.*)

*Lord Avon.* Hush! Dost thou not pity him?

*Tyke.* I do, indeed!—poor lad!—I say, you know he is not half so bad as either of us.

*Lord Avon.* Robert, I was once thy landlord—I trust not a severe one

*Tyke.* Severe!—ay, that's cutting;—that's as much as to say that I've forgot your kindness to me.—Did you not put me to school? and though I settled all my matters there in a month, that was no fault of yours: you gave me money— if I misused it, you were not to blame: only tell me how I can show my love, honestly, we' submission like—

*Lord Avon.* Procure Frederick's escape.

*Tyke.* I'll do my best.

*Lord Avon.* See this purse, 'tis richly stored; and, properly disposed of, it may do much:—promise any thing—half my estates; and remember, Robert, that in saving him you will preserve my life.

*Tyke.* What! your life?—that's enough.—(*Takes the purse and runs off.*)

*Lord Avon.* Never, Frederick, shall judgment be pronounced against thee.—Here I swear, that if the hour of trial come, Avondale will stand forth arrayed in all his guilt, and save that innocent, that noble youth.

*Enter PETER.*

*Peter.* General Tarragan requests your immediate attendance—He entreats the marriage ceremony may instantly take place—(*Lord Avondale starts.*)—The preparations have already began,

*Lord Avon.* I'll come to him. (*Exit Peter.*)  
 Marriage—why does the thought terrify? My heart ceases to beat—my numbed limbs seem to fasten on the earth, and the faded form of Emily flits before my dazzled sight.—Let me shake off this horrid lethargy—let me collect my thoughts. (*Sinks into a chair.*)

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. FERMENT at the back Scene.*

*Fer.* There he is—he seems unhappy; but as soon as he perceives me, you'll see the difference. I suppose the evidence of your own eyes and ears will convince you? now mark the attention, the—the joy.—How do you do, my Lord,—how do you do? (*Lord Avondale looks—then turns from him—Ferment, disappointed, carries his chair round to the other side.*)—I see how it is, my lord; the villainy of that young viper, which you fostered in your bosom—but I flatter myself, that, in your humble servant, you will find more talent, and a zeal warm as—

*Lord Avon.* Did you speak?

*Fer.* Yes, a little.

*Lord Avon.* Oh! (*relapsing into inattention.*)

*Fer.* But for me the monster would have escaped.

*Lord Avon.* (*Starting up and turning to him.*)  
 Ah! indeed!

*Fer.* (*Apart.*) Oh! now we come on a little—Did not your lordship know that I detected him?—

*Lord Avon.* No—(*restraining his rage.*)

*Fer.* Oh! all owing to me—caught a glimpse of the villain in my house—followed him up close—he thought to frighten me. Pugh—fired at me, received his shot like a castle—it passed through my hat—not this hat—but I take no merit.



*Lord Avon.* Yet take—

*Fer.* Oh, my sweet lord!—any thing that you propose—

*Lord Avon.* Yes—take my everlasting curses,  
[*Exit.*

*Fer.* Oh, lord! oh, dear! I'm very ill.—Fanny, wife—one word—only one—let me hear some voice besides my own in this damned infernal house, as poor Juliet says, or I shall faint.

*Mrs. Fer.* Do you confess you are wrong?

*Fer.* I do.

*Mrs. Fer.* Will you abandon your schemes?

*Fer.* I will.

*Mrs. Fer.* Will you sometimes follow my advice?

*Fer.* Always—you shall be my magnet.

*Mrs. Fer.* The first that ever attracted lead, I believe—ha! ha!

*Fer.* Say what you will, only talk—and if ever I go a lord-hunting again, may I lose this worthless head!

*Mrs. Fer.* Then, if ever I think of ruling again, may I lose your estimable heart!

*Fer.* What! don't make me cry—then, that for you, old sour-cROUT (*snapping his fingers.*)—I have a plan!

*Mrs. Fer.* A plan! (*alarmed.*)

*Mrs. Fer.* A plan for imitating your silence, my dear Fanny.

*Mrs. Fer.* Then my plan shall be to imitate your prattling—You know, after so long a silence—

*Fer.* You must have a great number of words by you.

*Mrs. Fer.* I shall talk till I tire you.

*Fer.* No, you won't.

*Mrs. Fer.* Yes, I shall.

*Fer.* No—Oh, delicious! charming!

[*Exeunt, embracing.*

SCENE IV.—*Inside of a prison.*—FREDERICK discovered; his figure and dress bespeak the desolation of his mind.

*Frederick.*

When the contemplative mind approaches death, how little seems the mighty war of passions which agitate this atom, man! “But how tedious are the hours—and, if to the breast of innocence a prison brings its terrors, what must his sufferings be, whose sole companions are those thoughts which haunt his guilty breast!”—O Julia!—to know thy love only to meet thy hate! Perhaps even now he leads her to the altar—Ah! that thought is madness—but no, it cannot be—this is no hour for joy—my fate must banish pleasure from their hearts—no—no—’tis impossible. I wrong my friend—I wrong thee, lovely Julia! (*A chime of bells at a distance.*) Ah! those sounds—it is the marriage peel—and with it, my dying knell!—Julia, hear me—I am innocent!—Avondale, hold—inhuman, guilty man! (*The door is unlocked.—Enter Tyke and Faylor.—Tyke motions Faylor to retire.—Faylor exit.*)

*Tyke.* There he is, poor fellow!—yet I think he looks innocent—at least I am pratty sure, when I used to look intid’ glass, I never saw any thing like that—I say—I is come to comfort thee like—  
—I hope thou repents of what thou hast done?

*Fred.* No.

*Tyke.* Oh dear! he’s not fit to die!—I mun get him away—I say, Lord Avondale sent me to—

*Fred.* Oh!—leave me!

*Tyke.* But I won’t though—thou mun try to escape.

*Fred.* I will not escape.—Be gone, rascal!

*Tyke.* Rascal!—well, I was one, and I mun bear it—but—

*Fred.* Dare not approach me.

*Tyke.* Pugh! Pugh! (*advancing.*)

*Fred.* Must I, then, force you from my presence! (*strikes him.*)

*Tyke.* A blow!—(*seizes Frederick by the collar; the action forces open the neck of his shirt, sees the F marked on his neck; he tremblingly lets go, and points to the mark.*)

*Fred.* What do you point at?

*Tyke.* At—at—I hardly dare look again!—Eh!  
’Tis he—’tis he! (*with great animation.*)

*Fred.* This mark!

*Tyke.* I made it—I’ll take my oath on’t. I’ve found him!—I’ve found him!

*Fred.* Speak!

*Tyke.* Come to thy father’s—Come to Lord Avondale!

*Fred.* Ah!—have I then suffered in a father’s cause! Oh, do not deceive me!

*Tyke.* Why, do I look like such a savage beast, then?—See here! (*placing his hands on his moist eyes and shewing them.*) Believe my eyes, if you won’t my tongue. I’ve often danced thee on my knee!—Give me thy hand!

*Enter Faylor.*

*Faylor.* What’s the matter here?

*Fred.* My happiness—the happiness of Lord Avondale—is in *your* power. The property in question was my own, the legacy of an unfortunate mother. Pinion me, hand and foot, only bring me to my father!

*Tyke.* Do—I’ll stay here for him.—No, I can’t do that—I must be in the thick on’t.

*Fred.* Be merciful—I will not fly!

*Failor.* Why, I believe I may venture to take you to the castle.

*Tyke.* You may. I'll hold him fast round the neck—and then his father will hold him fast round the neck.

*Fred.* Oh! each moment is an age?

*Failor.* Well—let me find the key.

*Tyke.* Oh, never mind key—(*rushes against the door—it opens.*) There—come—come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the last.—*A Gothic Chapel illuminated; the entrance of the choir in the back scene, with steps to ascend—folding-doors conceal the interior of the chapel—Music behind the scenes—a Marriage Procession enters—then Lord AVONDALE, JULIA, and General TARRAGAN.*

*Gen.* Well, my Lord, the joyful hour has at length arrived. I fancy it would be difficult to find three happier people. (*Lord Avondale bows.*) Now, farewell to Julia Tarragan!—a name my tongue has dwelt on with rapture, and demands a parting tear. Kiss me, my girl!—but, I shall see thee grace a nobler name. Well, now to the alter—my Lord, we wait—

*Lord Avon.* (*Starting*) For me! (*Recovering*) My lovely bride, your hand—(*They move towards the chapel—the folding-doors are opened, which discovers Mrs. St. Clair in the dress of the picture, her right hand pointing to the wedding ring—Lord Avondale, advancing up the steps, beholds her—falls back into the arms of the attendants, exclaiming*) Angels of mercy!—Emily!  
(*Faints.*)

*Emily.* Yes!—behold thy innocent—thy much-wronged wife!—(*All express astonishment—she comes forward.*) Inhuman man!—hear me!—Where is my child?—where is my darling boy?

*Tyke.* (*Without.*) Stand out of the way!—here he comes!—here he comes!—

*Enter FREDERICK and TYKE.*

*Fred.* Julia!—married!—

*Julia.* (*Looking down.*) No, Frederick!

*Fred.* (*Seeing Lord Avondale.*) Ah! what means this?—Father, father! hear me!—It is your son that calls!—Will not that charmed name restore you?

*Emily.* Ah, son?—(*Leans on Julia.*)

*Fred.* (*Turning round.*) What do I see?—that form!—that dress!—Oh, tell me!—does my heart deceive me?—Mother!—(*She rushes into his arms.*) I know thy wrongs—my father has bewailed them with tears of anguish. Oh, forgive him—he has been my benefactor—he has loved me—he has been a father to me—take his hand—there—the warm contact will animate each torpid pulse; will wake his heart to penitence—to love—ah, he revives—

*Lord Avon.* (*Recovering—looks round.*) Emily!

What am I to think?

there—(*po*

*Avondale—Julia takes the other hand of Emily—  
General Tarragan rests on his stick, with his hand-  
kerchief to his eyes—Tyke, with joyful satisfaction,  
points to the group.)*

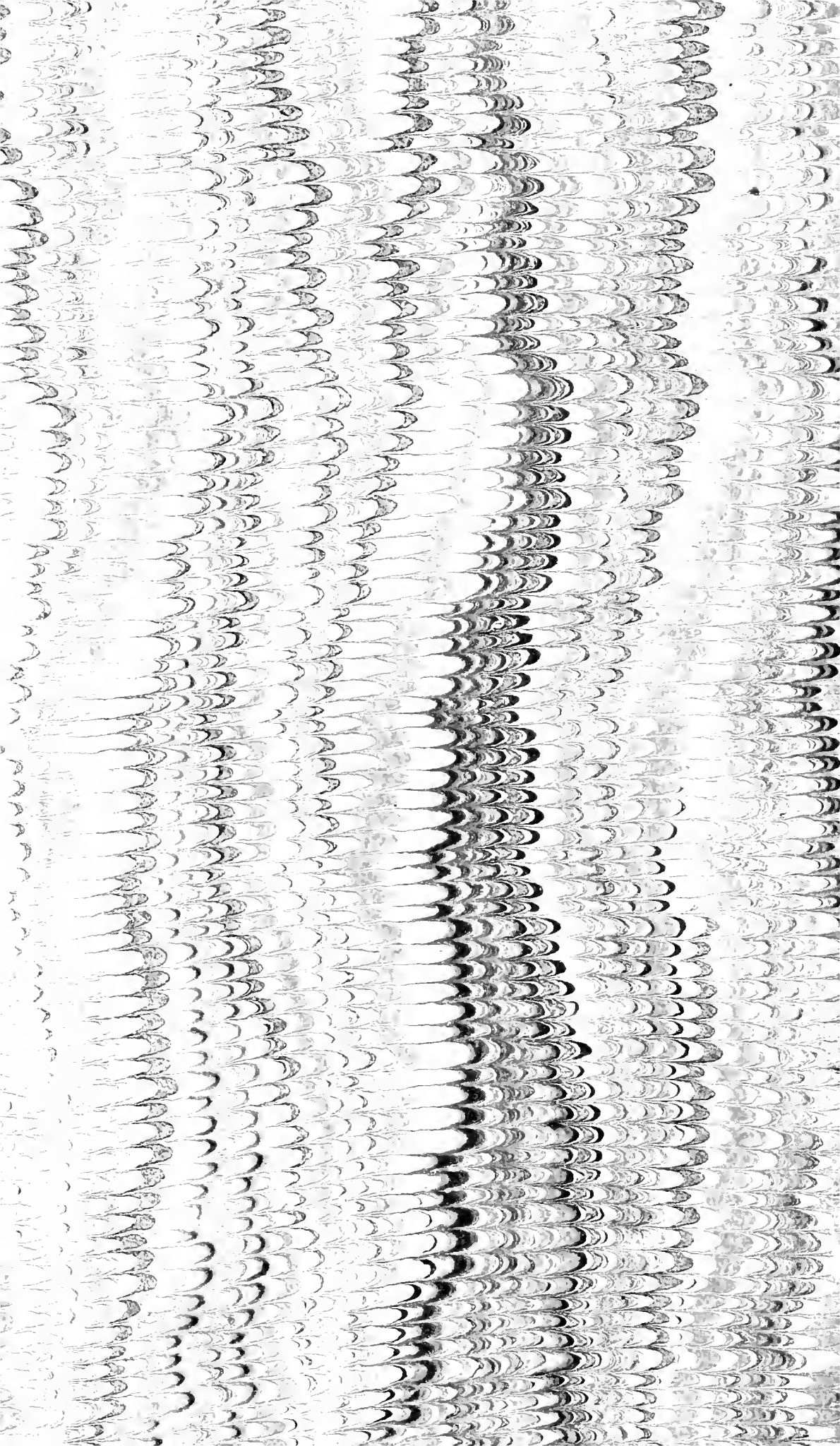
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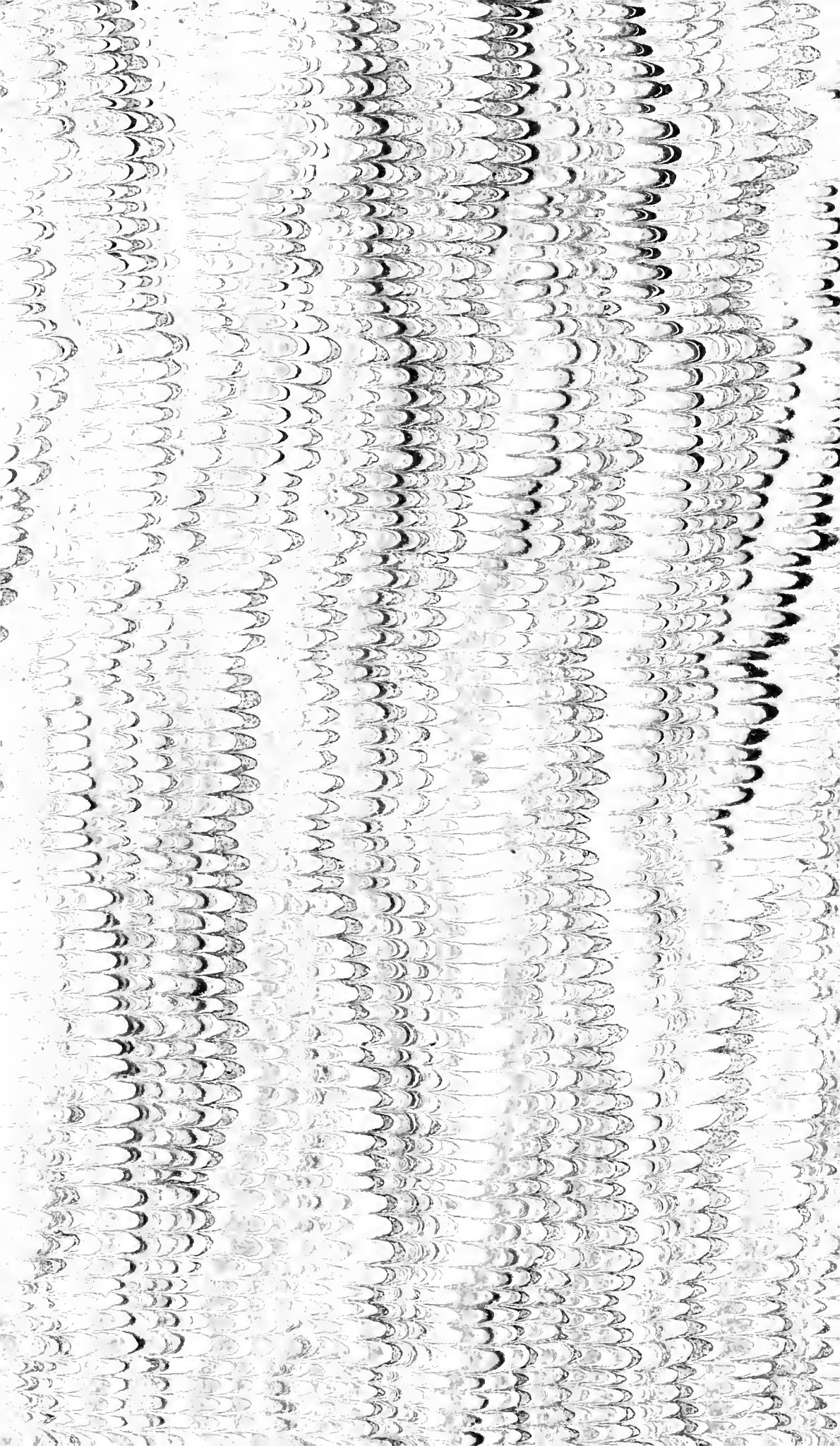












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